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Photo *Tella Company*

H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN

Mother of the heir to the Throne, the Prince of the Asturias, who was born at Madrid on Friday, the 10th inst., to the intense delight of the Spanish people

No. 180.—Vol. XLV.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 15, 1907

It didn't rain sometime last Monday week—or was it Tuesday?

* * *

Mr. Asquith's critics have hardly yet recovered from their annoyance at finding out that those Colonial valuations were f.o.b. at the ports of dispatch, and not f.i.b. at the Imperial Conference.

* * *

According to the *Morning Post*, Prince Fushimi is not the Prince Higashi Fushimi who visited England thirty years ago. It is for clearing up points like this that the *Post* is invaluable. So many people might have been tempted to go up to the Prince and slap him on the back, with the words, "Higgy, me boy, I haven't seen you for thirty years!"—only to be disappointed by his want of recognition.

* * *

By the way, it is not the case that Prince Fushimi, on being given an explanation of the working of the Chantrey Bequest, during his recent visit to the Royal Academy, uttered the Japanese words, "Hokee pokee."

* * *

Lord Newton's proposal that some of the Lords should be "qualified" to sit in the Upper House has been summarily rejected by those concerned, and we hope we shall now hear no more of this incendiary scheme.

* * *

"Noticing a blackbird making efforts to escape through a window in his church at South Witham, the rector was astonished to find the bird had laid an egg in a nest near the lectern." Yet it is hard to think what else the blackbird could have laid.

* * *

The Chemists' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall has, we understand, been a great success, and a good many visitors have come away from it saying that, with so many attractive medicines to choose from, they cannot understand why other people make such a fuss about being ill.

* * *

Many of the exhibits are said to have been most artistically set out, "especially those that lent themselves to fanciful treatment." Would this include senna? We can recollect being fanciful about it, as children.

* * *

The trial, just begun, of three men for the murder of Governor Steunenberg, two years ago, has caused a good deal of indignation among the inhabitants of Idaho, the Western State where the murder took place. As they say, it's so long ago, anyway, that the poor fellows can't be expected to remember what did actually happen.

* * *

It is expected that if the three are convicted, the labouring men of Idaho will vote for the Democratic ticket at the next election. What a pity we cannot show any of this political keenness in our country. Are we too apathetic?

* * *

We are happy to be able to state that the recommendations made some time back by the Commission appointed to inquire into the Chantrey Fund have caused the Trustees nothing like the anxiety that might have been anticipated.

* * *

A gentleman, who signs himself "Dum Spiro Spero," but is evidently afraid of a German invasion, has written to one of the evening papers to say that a network of German reservists now covers the South and East coasts of this country, while a German has also secured an inn at the cross-roads between our military camps of Aldershot and Borden. This is a nice state of affairs!

* * *

We do not quite understand what "Dum Spiro" anticipates from it. But to us the plot is quite obvious. As soon as war is declared, the British Army will march to defend our coasts (the Navy having been eluded or destroyed). On its way it will pass the inn. The German innkeeper will come out, and, pretending to be a friend, will serve our soldiers with drugged beer. As they lie in a state of coma, the German Army will land and march on London, the network of reservists facilitating the march by commandeering—in the disguise of policemen with stop-watches—all motor-cars that may be out for the

ETHEL: "How terrible it must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice"
EDNA: "It's more terrible when she doesn't know it!"
(By Chas. Barton)

day. It is an insidious plot, but to be forewarned is to be forearmed. People like "Dum Spiro" deserve a monument.

* * *

A suggestion has been mooted that Americans anxious to hear the nightingale should drive out the few miles from London, to where these birds sing, in taxi-cabs. It is in this sort of a way that our visitors' valuable time is wasted. Why do not some of our big hotels keep a taxi-nightingale?

* * *

"Nervous people will be glad to know," says a contemporary, commenting on the new Tube from Islington to Euston, "that a slate foot-path is laid between the rails, so that if a train breaks down the passengers can walk to the nearest station without risk of an electric shock." Good pedestrians should try the line

* * *

Extra nervous people, who would not even care to risk the possibility of their train breaking down, will be interested to learn that quite a bracing walk can be taken on the pavement overhead.

* * *

Miss Wanda Radford, the ten-year-old Australian, whose recitations have met with such success in Berlin and London, is to retire from public life for a while in order that she may be educated. Many quite elderly reciters might learn a lesson from this child.

* * *

Motto for a West Ham Guardian:—"My word is as good as my Bond."

* * *

A Japanese journalist has been complaining of the poverty of the English language. As a result, he says, it is often difficult to find out, when meeting a lady with a gentleman, whether she is his wife, sister, or sweetheart. Perhaps he has not yet had the misfortune of being locked in a railway carriage with a couple on their honeymoon.

* * *

It is a matter of *nuances*, no doubt, not always easy to explain. But should Mr. Sugimura visit Hampstead Heath on Whit Monday, and chance upon a lady wearing a gentleman's hat, and *vice versâ*, the probability is that the gentleman will not be the lady's brother. An inquiry would, in any case, lead to Mr. Sugimura obtaining satisfaction.

* * *

We are excited to learn, from the Birrelution Bill, that the Irish Lord-Lieutenant of the future may be of any religion whatsoever. The prospect of a Buddhist or a Shintoist in authority at Dublin Castle (if the old place will continue to bear this brutal mediæval name) promises the liveliest possibilities.

* * *

"Our boats are in a crippled condition, and there is danger in turning them." In view of this candid criticism by a member of the L.C.C., it is a little difficult to understand why the Thames steamers are to be run for another sixteen weeks. Can it be done in the interests of a cinematograph company, who could secure an interesting show by photographing:—

(1) Launch of the fleet (captains in life-belts, weeping wives, etc.).

(2) A passenger sighted on one of the piers. He turns out to be the President of the Local Government Board. He hails steamer, and, in spite of representations from private secretary, policemen, etc., moves on board with folded arms.

(3) The fleet moves on—amid cheers. An attempt to turn is followed by instant disaster. Vessel containing passenger is seen to be sinking. Captains swim ashore in life belts. Mr. Burns refuses to leave vessel.

(4) Progressives come to riverside and implore Mr. Burns to save valuable life, etc. Stern refusal.

(5) Reformers intimate that, retrenchment and reform being their motto, they cannot afford insurance money on Mr. Burns' life. Will he swim ashore? "No truckling with Moderates" is the answer.

(6) Steamer sinks. All hope lost, when suddenly Mr. Burns is seen to be supported by frock-coat which he has taken to wearing instead of reefer. L.G.B. officials wade in with rope made of red tape, and compel Mr. Burns to come ashore.

(7) River blocked for some time. Then flows on as before. No noticeable increase in Tube traffic returns.

* * *

Sir Francis Gould has proposed a law making it justifiable homicide to kill a man taking snapshots. Is he not a little severe on his brother caricaturists?

* * *

The Embarrassments of Being Overboard

"When a man falls overboard at sea, it is the practice to hurl at him any object within reach that may be of assistance to keep him afloat. Sometimes these are so numerous and varied that the shock of being surrounded by them unnerves the victim even more than the sense of his peril from drowning."—*Nautical Correspondent*

(By Lieut. E. G. O. Beuttler)

To a Fair Londoner

(*After reading Sir F. Treves's recent speech upon the curious effect of fog on the lungs*)

Chloe may flaunt her golden curls,
Her country cheeks, where roses bunch,
Her violet eyes, the set of pearls
With which she puts away her lunch.

But thou—if Frederick Treves speaks true—
Long odds, e'en so, can'st freely give her;
For, oh, thy lungs are "thunder-blue"—
Heaven knows what hue thy liver!

Not On the Line

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SOME OF THE UNFRAMED PICTURES

BY DUDLEY HARDY

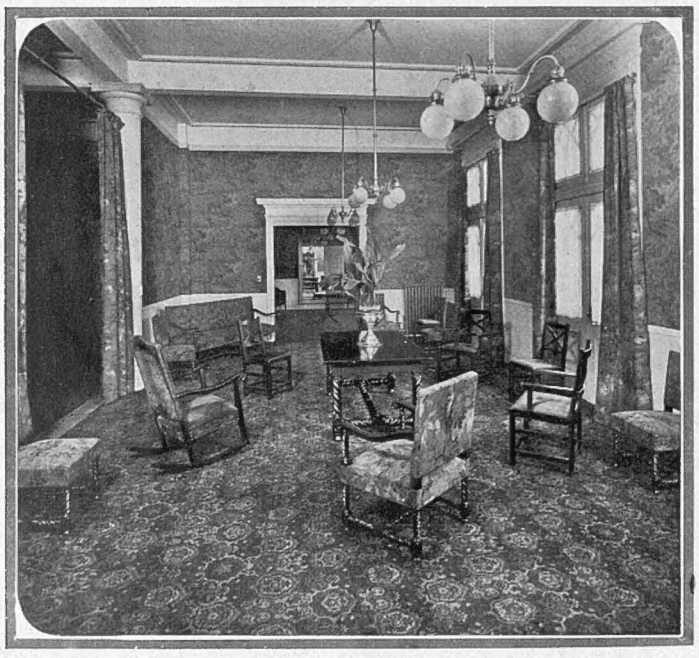
Woman-Worship in New York

THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" HOTEL FOR WOMEN ONLY

("Where only the fair may fare")

A Chaperon in Twelve Storeys: The exterior of the "Martha Washington"

The Entrance Hall and Office



The Drawing-room

The Library and Smoking Lounge

THE American's inherent worship of woman has long been hurled at the head of the recalcitrant Englishman as an example of what should be. The latest manifestation of this attractive form of Paganism is the provision of an "hotel for women only," wherein only the fair may fare. Apart, however, from the questionable wisdom of the policy of separating the sexes, of which this, like the Woman's Club, is an offshoot, in America there is a real justification for the "Martha Washington." The indignities which are suffered by women travelling alone, owing to the suspicious and puritanical persecutors of license-holders, has made some form of self-defence necessary. In the "Martha Washington" the distressful sex will find freedom from molestation.

Photos *Byron*

Banking—for Women Only

"For Ladies Only": The cashier's department and writing-room in the Night and Day Bank, New York

Photos *Byron*

The Boudoir in the Night and Day Bank

The authorities who recently started the Night and Day Bank in New York have added another innovation to their venture in the shape of a special department, in which the mere male—as customer—must not set his foot. This includes a special cashier's department for ladies, a writing and reading-room, and, of course, a well-equipped boudoir. The Bank, situated as it is in Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, is in the midst of the Bohemian and fashionable quarter of New York, close to the Waldorf and the principal clubs, hotels, and millionaires' residences

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Week's Adventures

"It is a good many years," said Lord Lytton once, "since I felt hungry; but, thank goodness, I am still greedy." It is to be hoped that these sentiments coincide with those of the Colonials, for it must be many a long day since they felt the pangs of hunger. Hot quails, green peas, strawberries, and unlimited quantities of "the boy," must be to them to-day as roast beef, potatoes, and Bass to the ordinary man who has not had the good fortune to be born a Colonial Premier. The banquet at Buckingham Palace, when the King, who is now at Newmarket, met for the first time his loyal servants from Greater Britain, was the culminating point of Colonial feastings and honours. The *chef* at Buckingham Palace has a royal appreciation of his calling. He rises to it even when a mere Court is the occasion, but in the tickling of Greater Britain's appetites, I am told, he surpassed himself.

Photo] **Lord Leconfield** [*Dickinsons*

His entertainment of the Colonial Premiers at his Town house last week was attended by hundreds of guests, mostly of the Tariff Reform bent of mind. He is a bachelor of thirty-five, wealthy, a sportsman, M.F.H., and ex-Boer campaigner

* * *

Lord Leconfield as Host

Since then, whether in the interests of recuperation, or whether because of the Government's "snub," our Colonial guests have had a comparatively quiet time. Lord Leconfield has shared with Lord Strathcona the honour of being their chief private hosts, though they have also been entertained at Oxford by the Liberal and Colonial Club. Lord Leconfield is, next to Mr. Churchill, the youngest host to have the honour of entertaining the veteran visitors. He celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday only last month. There must have been a certain piquancy in

Photo *Kevis*

Petworth: Lord Leconfield's seat near Chichester

One of the most beautifully situated seats in the kingdom, the estate of which is reputed to be particularly wealthy. It has some fine paintings and carvings. The deer park is fourteen miles round. Petworth also possesses that unique and valuable sporting adjunct, a covered tennis court

To the "Hibernia"—With Ireland's Love

Presented to H.M.S. "Hibernia" by the Marchioness of Ormonde

A fine set of silver ornaments for mess tables (part of the gift of the Irish to the battleship) made, last week, by the wife of the Vice-Admiral of Leinster, in the Concert-hall of the Irish International Exhibition

his meeting with General Botha, for in the war in South Africa, and in the chase after the General, Lord Leconfield received his baptism of fire, and was severely wounded. He is a bachelor, a man of great wealth, a first-rate sportsman, an excellent six-days-a-week hunting M.F.H., and a popular landlord. He is also a keen Tariff Reformer.

* * *

Petworth House

At Petworth, in Sussex, Lord Leconfield owns one of the most beautiful seats in the Kingdom. This estate, with that in Ireland, brings in something like £90,000 a year to the fortunate owner. Petworth is not far from Chichester. It is famed for its pictures, nearly seven hundred in number, including Turners, Reynolds, Holbeins, and Van Dycks, and for its china, embroideries, and Grinling Gibbons carvings. The deer park, fourteen miles round, covers some of the finest scenery in the county. Not far from the house is built, in the outward form of a Swiss *châlet*, one of the few covered tennis courts in the Kingdom. There is one at Hawthorn Hill, just outside Maidenhead, and there is one, I remember, at Oxford, where the dons indulge their tastes, but in the South of England, at any rate, I can recall few others. For many centuries Petworth was the Southern home of the Percys. It left their hands when Lady Elizabeth Percy married Charles, Duke of Somerset in 1682. Her younger daughter, Lady Elizabeth Smithson, inherited Petworth. When she married Sir William Wyndham, the estates passed to the holders of the Leconfield title. Lord Rosebery is Lord Leconfield's maternal uncle.

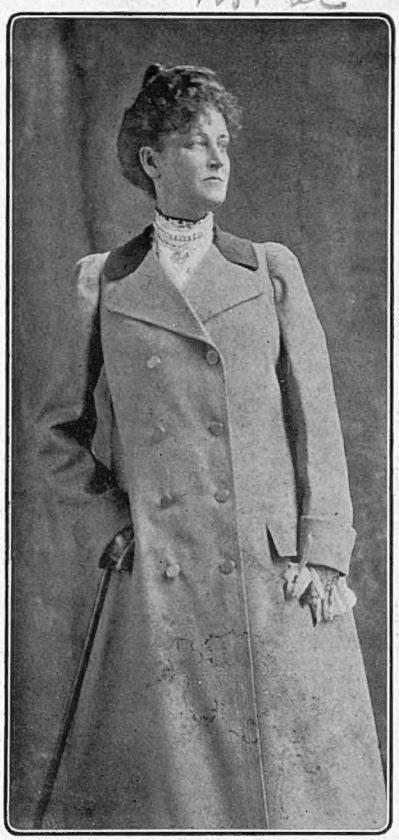


Photo *Speaight*

The Marchioness of Ormonde

Wife of the Leinster Vice-Admiral, who originated the presentation to H.M.S. *Hibernia*, and carried it through with the assistance of the Vice-Admirals' wives of the other Irish provinces

* * *

The Lords and Their Reform

The Lords, of late, have been constantly in hot water, alike in their corporate and in their individual capacity. Oddly enough, the Liberal peers have been most involved in the latter respect. First, Lord Carrington and his tenantry came up for public discussion, and then Lord Portsmouth. Lord Portsmouth has been having slight disagreements with a tenant on the subject of those most complicated of things, the Ground Game Acts. A tenant having been turned out of his house on Lord Portsmouth's vast Hampshire estates, a Labour Member, Mr. Ward, and also Mr. Hugh Cecil Lea, have been ventilating the question in the House of Commons. They

The Man Who Placed the Ban

enjoyed themselves thoroughly, needless to say! The wicked lord, the crushed tenant, the right to preserve, the right to live! But life was crushed out of the discussion by the reply of the Prime Minister to the effect that the mere suggestion of depriving him (Lord Portsmouth) of his post as Under-Secretary for War as a kind of punishment for his alleged bad treatment of his tenants was, of course, as impossible as it was absurd.

* * *

Next—Lord Althorp

Lord Althorp was the next noble Liberal lord to come under the social ban. His refusal to renew the license for *The Mikado*, and his order that selections from the opera should be omitted from the programmes of military bands when Prince Fushimi or any of his staff were present, raised a storm of protestation and execration. Naturally, those who knew most about it said the least. The rest shrieked—in print and otherwise. The most ignorant were the most bitter in their wholehearted abuse of the Lord Chamberlain, and seemed to think he was doing it "because he knows it teases." Forgetting, if they ever knew, that the Mikado, in the eyes of his subjects, is a character sacred far above our highest Western ideas of sanctity, they asserted that the action of the Lord Chamberlain, even though it was backed up by Sir Edward Grey, was a piece of fussy and unnecessary interference. Personally, my sympathies, much though I love *The Mikado*, are with the Lord Chamberlain, and I happen to know that his action was not taken on his own initiative. A very high personage indeed intimated his wishes on the subject. Prevention is better than cure. Prince Fushimi safely out of the country, doubtless Mr. Gilbert will be requested to alter the opera so as to remove all cause for offence. This, certainly, might have been done before, in place of withdrawing the license. But it was not; and though the omission is unfortunate, it is not entirely ineradicable.

Photo *Thomson*

A Much-Maligned Personage

The Lord Chamberlain (Viscount Althorp), who is nominally responsible for the ban placed on *The Mikado*. As all the world is now aware, his lordship (formerly the Hon. Robert Spencer) is "*not* an agricultural labourer," despite the impression to the contrary given by his dress, speech, and general bearing

* * *

A Model for Debased Musical Comedy

That its presentation would really seriously offend the Japanese people is, of course, absurd. It might, however — and I think it would — strike them as exceedingly bad taste if it was performed during the visit of one of the Imperial House. Doubtless, the Lord Chamberlain realises this, and, with a high sense of national hospitality, wishes to guard against any such possibility. I cannot think that he intends for evermore to withold his license. If he does, then the very best specimen we have of English humorous opera will be lost to us. The debased musical comedy of the day will have one model the less to fall back upon, and English people—as the price we pay for the Japanese alliance—will lose one of the most charming, as it is the most mythical and most wildly fantastic of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

* * *

Lords in Ireland

By the way, before leaving the subject of the Lords, I am glad to see finally dismissed the silly rumour that the Earl of Aberdeen contemplated resigning his position as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in order to devote himself to interests more commercial. Doubtless, like many another before him, including Mr. Bryce, he has found the ubiquitous Sir Antony MacDonnell a hard nut to crack. Nothing ever happens in Ireland nowadays but that the trouble is traced to "a difference with Sir Antony." Mr. Birrell himself, has, it is known, already crossed swords with the gentleman. It is scarcely to be expected, therefore, that the Lord-Lieutenant would be able to steer clear of the shoals, especially in view of the fact that Sir Antony MacDonnell was sent to Ireland to institute Indian methods of "devolution" while Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Birrell alike are the servants of a Party pledged to Nationalist Home Rule.

* * *

Ireland Again

The distressful country, as I have before remarked, has an astonishing facility for keeping itself well in the public eye. When not politically, it is by sporting methods; last week it was the Industrial Exhibition, this it is the Home Rule Bill. Our picture is of a very popular Irish peeress, the Marchioness of Ormonde, and of the gifts presented by her from the Irish people to H.M.S. *Hibernia*. Lady Ormonde, who, whenever she is in Ireland, entertains in true Irish style at Kilkenny Castle, was Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Westminster. She was acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful women of her day—she is still very handsome; but

Where Mutiny is Hatched

A Mutiny Memory

The Baillie Gate, Lucknow (from the East), which was torn by mutineers' guns during the siege, fifty years ago

From Stereographs Copyright *Underwood and Underwood, London and New York*

The Chief "Bazar" of Lahore, the Centre of the Punjab Sedition

All over the East, the "Bazar," or native thoroughfare, is the scene of the sowing of sedition, no matter against whom directed. Rumours of the wildest kind percolate from mouth to mouth, attributing motives of the absurdest description to the hated white, which, at intervals, cause such risings as that which recently threatened the Punjab, but which has, it seems, been effectively squashed by the firmness of the Home Government in arresting the ringleaders

Society at the Chester Races

one must look at her daughter, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, to realise the beauty her mother once possessed, for she has inherited it all.

* * *

Race Meetings

The second Spring Meeting at Newmarket is invariably gayer and more popular than the first. The King, as is the case this year, is generally at the Jockey Club. At Moulton Paddocks and at Palace House, Sir Ernest Cassel and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild entertain large parties and almost always dine with the King, and the smart racing set never fails, rain or shine, to put in an appearance.

* * *

Society at Chester

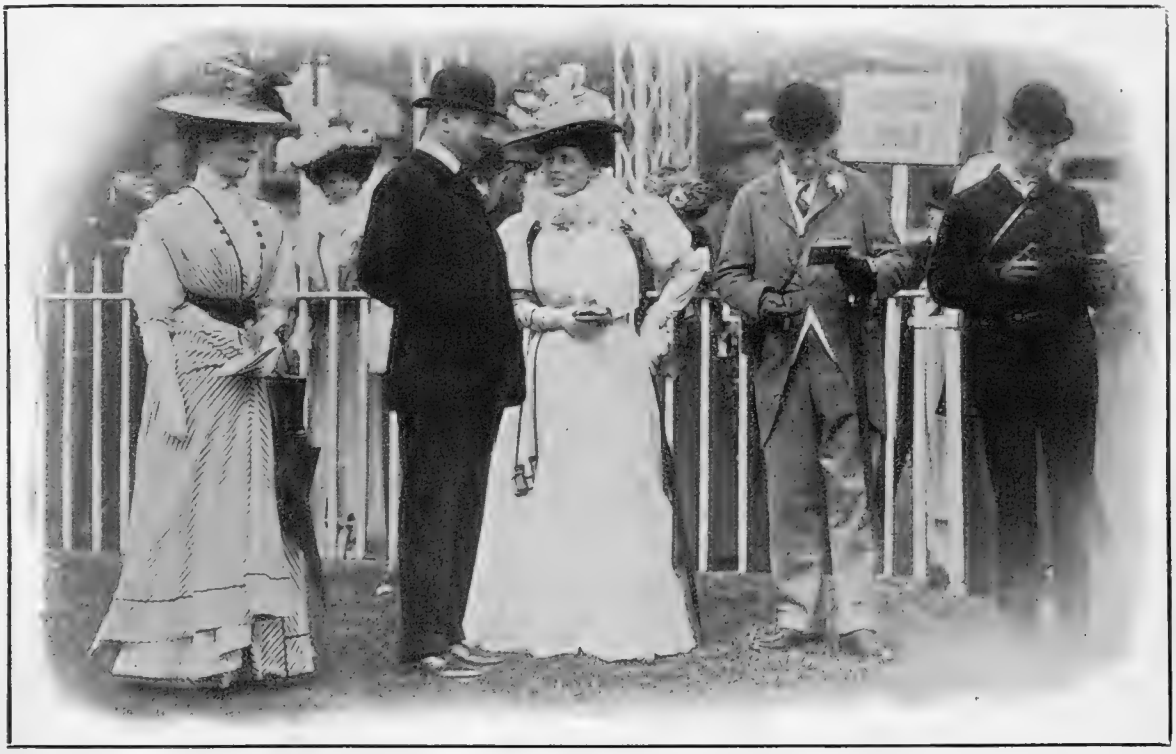
Racing at Chester on the first day of last week's meeting was carried on under difficulties, for rain fell incessantly. On Thursday, however, delightful weather conditions prevailed. Many house-parties were held in the neighbourhood, the largest, as usual, being that at Eaton Hall, where, on the previous week, the "Duke's daffodils" had brought hundreds of visitors to inspect them, and where for the races the keenest of the keen racing set were assembled. On Wednesday, heavy race-coats over tailor-mades were almost the only—certainly the most comfortable—wear; but on Thursday the Spring-like weather brought out all the Spring frocks. The tall Duchess of Westminster appeared both days in black, as did also Lady Sefton and the beautiful Lady Pole-Carew, a picturesque figure in a long, clinging French gown. Lady Helmsley, who very seldom misses a race meeting, was lunching with Mrs. Stock, the party including Lord Kenyon and Lady Galway. Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Essex, and Lady Airlie were all in white. Amongst the men present were Colonel Grenfell, Rear-Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton and Mr. George Lambton, Lord Lonsdale, more robust looking than ever, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Stanley, and Lord Cholmondeley.

The Duchess of Westminster

* * *

Colonial Ladies at the Theatre

I went to the Comedy Theatre the other night and saw *The Truth*. Near me, in a box, were Miss Botha and her aunt. Miss Botha looked very nice in a Paris ("Baker Street," explained a lady at my elbow) frock, her hair dressed very high, disclosing a beautiful neck and shoulders. Her complexion indeed is her strong part, and must make quite a beauty of her in South Africa. The ladies, frankly, enjoyed

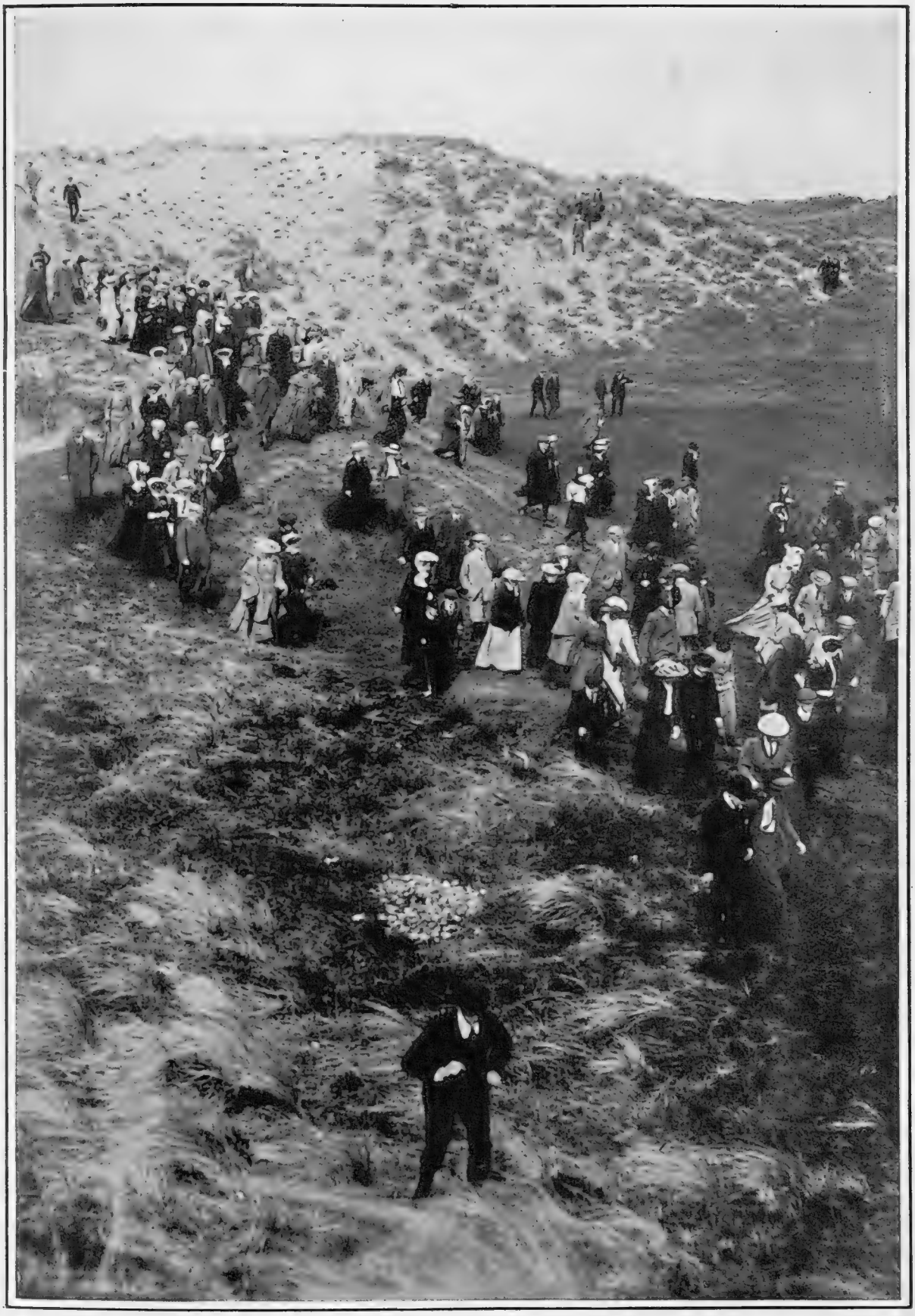


Lady Essex Lord Stanley Lady Mar and Kellie Lord Lonsdale

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE IN THE CHESTER ENCLOSURE

Ireland's Love of Scotland's Game

CROWD FOLLOWING THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYERS AT NEWCASTLE, CO. DOWN



The fifteenth Ladies' Golf Championship was played last week at Newcastle, Co. Down, resulting in a win for Miss May Hezlet, who defeated her sister, Miss F. Hezlet, by 2 to 1. The attendance numbered about a thousand, the spectators pursuing the players over the emerald downs with great enthusiasm

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Three Men of the Moment

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Conrad Dressler

Whose bust of the Queen of Spain has been restored to the Academy by the King's request, though previously rejected

"By Command"

The Royal Academy, it seems, is Royal to good purpose. By command of the King, the bust of the Queen of Spain, by Mr. Conrad Dressler, is exhibited at the Royal Academy, having been previously rejected on its merits by the Council. For the King's word at Burlington House is law.

* * *

The Sculptor

Mr. Conrad Dressler, though Franco-German by descent, is himself an Englishman. In the approved story-book manner, his family, with one accord, when his future was in question, opposed the idea that he should endeavour to earn a living by Art. Again, in the story-book manner, therefore, he came to London and entered a merchant's office. But, also in accordance with precedent, the life artistic called to him too persistently to be denied. He became a pupil of M. Lanteri, Dallou's successor in the task of reviving the art of sculpture in England, and, from that day to this, has had a career as successful as can be expected in a country where sculpture takes a secondary place in Art. Ruskin, Swinburne, William Morris, Stanley, Farrer, Lord Halsbury, Lord Roberts, and Sir John Mowbray are some of the distinguished men who have sat to him. He executed two of the panels which decorate St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and at Oxford is represented by his statue of Dean Liddell. Mr. Dressler is, I believe, unique among English artists in that he casts his own bronzes. He is also a practical potter, and founded the Della Robbia Potteries.

* * *

Lord Deramore's Engagement

The engagement is announced of Lord Deramore to Miss Blanche Saltmarshe, the pretty young daughter of Colonel Saltmarshe, of Danesbury House, near York. Lord Deramore has been a widower for six years, and his only child, the Hon. Moira Faith de Yarburgh-Bateson, is now nine years old. He is a country gentleman rather than a man about town, and though he is a member of the Carlton and the Bachelors, he is seldom to be met in London. Like his future wife, he belongs to Yorkshire, though he also has property in Ireland and a place near Belfast.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Halifax

The maker of an amusing speech to the House of Laymen anent the absurdity of the House of Commons being entrusted with ecclesiastical reforms

Photo *Dickinsons*

Lord Deramore

Engaged to Miss Blanche Saltmarshe, daughter of Colonel Saltmarshe, of Danesbury House, near York

* * *

Spain's Heir

I am delighted to hear, just at the time of going to press, of the birth of an heir to the Spanish Throne. The question of the Spanish succession has been for so long a vexed one, that the birth of the little Prince of the Asturias is doubly welcome, for it renders secure the succession on another European Throne. If there have been in some quarters misgivings with regard to Queen Victoria's popularity with her subjects, the rejoicings which took place last week leave no doubt of the nation's love and esteem for their young Queen.

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The Latest Theatrical Romance

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Shiel Barry

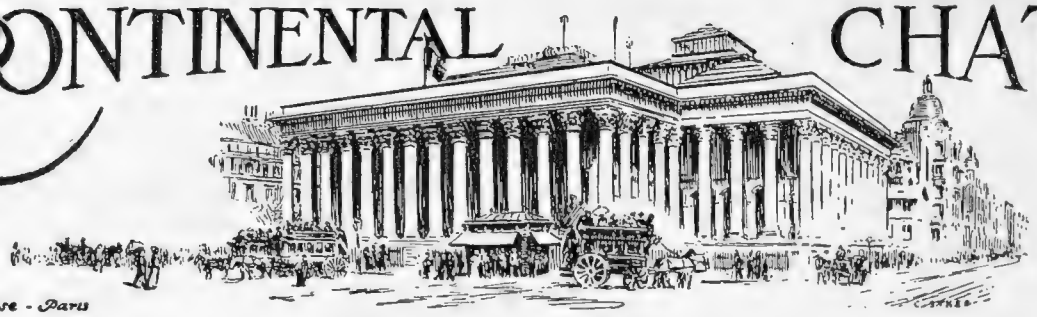
Now playing in *Clancarty* at the Lyric Theatre

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Dorothy Minto, whose marriage to Mr. Shiel Barry has just been announced

Before theatrical circles had got over their surprise at hearing of Miss Ellen Terry's marriage to Mr. James Carew, they were again startled by the announcement of the wedding of Miss Dorothy Minto and Mr. Shiel Barry. It is to be hoped Miss Minto will not retire from the stage, for though she only made her *début* in *The Wild Duck* at the Court Theatre a year or two back, her acting at once brought her to the front as one of the most promising actresses of the rising generation. She is now playing in *Prunella* and the *Return of the Prodigal* at the Court

CONTINENTAL CHAT



La Bourse - Paris

A Second All Fools' Day

Labour Day has come and gone, and Paris and Rome, if they were ever aware of its existence, have now promptly forgotten it. True, after the events of last year, little was expected here, and, save for the reckless action of a Russian Anarchist, all would have passed in the greatest calm. According to M. de Léoni, the 1st of May might almost be called a second All Fools' Day. How is it possible to suppose that a revolution could take place when the exact date and full particulars are known to all and sundry? The revolution scare has done little else than to force Paris to bring 100,000 soldiers into action; and, on account of this, the Labour Federation considers itself a force in the land. In reality, they should consider themselves, for this self-same reason, an impotence. Next year, let us hope the *revolutionaires* will be able to devise some more original scheme of action; their efforts, so far, are beneath consideration.

In Rome, too, every precaution was taken to prevent Socialistic meetings, and the presence of Maxim Gorki, who is recuperating at Capri, naturally made the authorities more on the alert than ever. Anything resembling a demonstration was strictly forbidden, and the city was full of armed soldiers, who were ready to be called into action at any moment. At Milan, May 1 has entirely lost its political character; it is nothing more nor less than a Bank Holiday, in which journalists and printers are the first to take part.

* * *

The King of the Anarchists in Paris

The man of the moment in Paris is Citizen Bousquet—at least, so he himself imagines. He it is whom the Paris Press honours with the title of "King of the Anarchists." To his eloquence we were indebted for the pleasure of beholding, as we sipped our *apéritifs* in our favourite cafés, the best that France can supply in the way of cuirassiers. All day long these poor individuals rode up and down, their rifles attached to their saddles—to be used only in case of emergency. Bousquet hails from the "Midi"; and he has every characteristic of the man of the South, from a dusky skin to that disagreeable accent which jars so terribly on the nerves of the

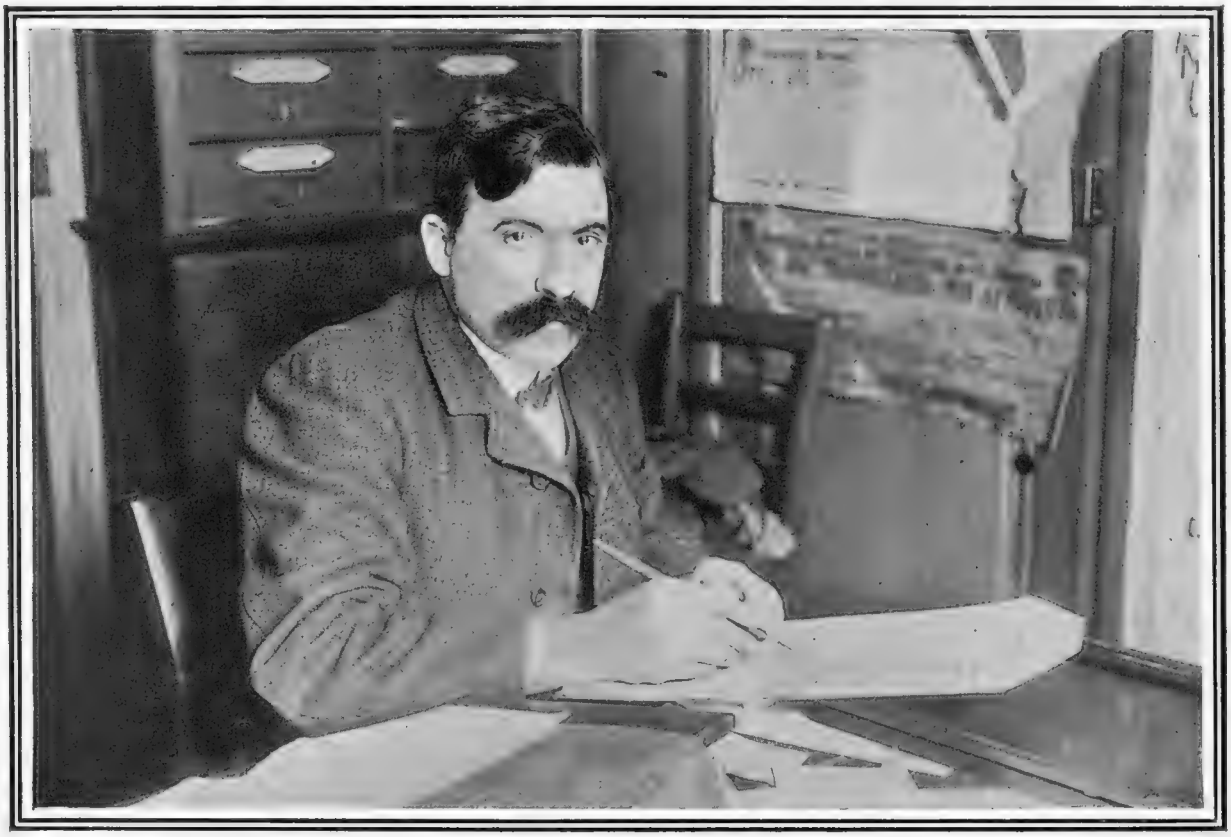


Photo *Topical Agency*

"The King of the Anarchists": M. Bousquet, who has recently been arrested in Paris

"The King of the Anarchists"—or "Citizen Bousquet," as he prefers to be called—is now receiving a short holiday at the expense of the French Government, in connection with the May Day disturbances. Although his utterances and appearance may inspire some with uneasiness, his bark is said to be far worse than his bite

A Princess of Romance

THE SULTAN'S NIECE WHO HAS MARRIED A RUSSIAN PRINCE

Photo *Moreau*

The Portrait of Princess Cheref Ouroussoff, painted by M. Patricot, now being exhibited at the Paris Salon

Princess Ouroussoff, a niece of the Sultan of Turkey, is the daughter of a powerful Turkish Pasha. The Sultan's nephew fell in love with her and married her; but, on hearing of this, the Porte immediately ordered a divorce, as no member of the Sultan's family may marry anyone but a slave. The Princess, however, was allowed to go to Egypt, whence she, unobserved, made her way to Paris. Here she met, and married, Prince Ouroussoff, a well-known figure in Russian and Diplomatic circles

polished Parisian. To command esteem, Bousquet deems it necessary to inspire terror, and although his terrible moustache and voice, and bristling hair, might be the death of a nervous old lady, his colleagues consider his bark far worse than his bite. All the Paris bakers have the greatest respect for him, and they have all his sympathy, considering it was in this capacity that he began his career and qualified for his present position. His favourite topics of conversation are his triumphal *entrée* here (I have forgotten how many years ago) and his prison experiences. With all the loquacity which characterises the *Méridional*, he delights to recall every detail connected with these two happy incidents. He will tell you exactly in what garb he appeared, and that wooden clogs adorned his feet. Of prison life there is, in fact, little he cannot tell you. To hear him speak one would imagine him a gaol-bird born and bred, whereas his incarcerations are little more than short holidays at the expense of the State—unjustly lenient punishments for placing his respectable name in huge letters on an anti-military bill. By this time, probably, Citizen Bousquet has once more regained his liberty.

* * *

Explorer and Diplomat

Society at Rome has most cordially welcomed, this week, a member of one of its oldest families—Don Livio Caetani, third son of the Prince di Teano. For some time past this young Italian has been exploring in East Africa, and Rome is impatiently waiting to hear all the details of his interesting and curious discoveries. Don Livio is well known in England, for, of course, he is half English, his mother being a daughter of Colonel E. B. Wilbraham and his grandmother, the Hon. Harriet Ellis, daughter of Lord Howard de Walden. Unfortunately, Rome will not have the pleasure of his society long, for he has shortly to take up his duties as First Secretary at the Italian Embassy at St. Petersburg.

* * *

Echoes of the Montagnini Case

Mgr. Montagnini's correspondence still affords a great deal of copy for Paris papers. By the way, I hear the author is enjoying the respect of all in Roman society and the approval of his chiefs, Cardinal Merry del Val and Mgr. Loranzelli, the ex-Nuncio, who is patiently waiting for his nomination as Cardinal. It is a well-known fact that, when in Paris, the ex-Nuncio lived up to his convictions that a Papal Ambassador here should pay for nothing, and Mgr. Montagnini followed his example. He was not above accepting a fine billiard table and lamp from a candidate for a bishopric! Mgr. Loranzelli, too, who ardently desired a Limoges dinner service, sent his secretary to buy it, taking pains to tell him that the bill should be sent to the bishop of that town! That handsome service, by the way, has followed its master to Rome. Whilst in Paris, Montagnini's besetting sin was French pastry, a fact which was well known to many of his Catholic lady acquaintances, and which was helping, no doubt, to spoil the shape of his oval face.

* * *

King Edward's Lightning Look at the Salons

During the King's last visit to Paris, he was favoured with anything but his own proverbial weather. The rain came down in torrents every time he left his hotel, and when, according to his custom, he visited the *Salons*, he had the building almost to himself. Again this year, M. Detaille was called upon to do the honours of the Societies of French Artists, in which the work of foreigners takes so prominent a place. Considering there are forty-three rooms of oil paintings alone in one Society, and scarcely fewer in the other, and that His Majesty's visit was very short, his impressions must have been somewhat superficial.

Copyright *Gustave Jacquet*

"La Joueuse de Vielle"

M. Jacquet's picture, in this year's *Salon*, of a Breton girl playing the national musical instrument, which resembles both a guitar and a hurdy-gurdy, has attracted a good deal of attention

* * *

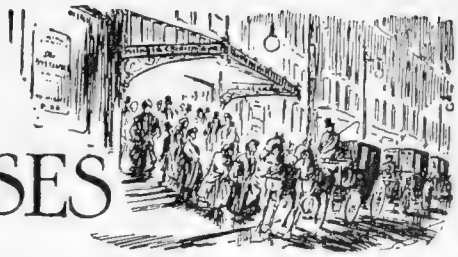
Some Salon Pictures

M. Léon Bonnat's portrait of Paderewski is excellent. In spite of what the critics may say, his portrait of President Fallières is good, and a striking likeness. But, of course, opinions on this subject are divided. Most people evidently expected to see a portrait of Adonis when President Fallières posed as the model! Bonnat's favourite pupil—Patricot—has found a very fascinating subject in Princess Cheref Ouroussoff, niece of the Sultan.

The painter has done justice to himself, his model, and his master. Princess Cheref Ouroussoff is a niece of the Sultan by marriage, and daughter of a powerful Turkish Pasha. The Sultan's nephew, contrary to the laws of the country, saw her, fell in love with her, and married her. But when H.I.M. heard of the marriage, he immediately ordered a divorce, for on no account can a member of the Sultan's family marry anyone but a slave. As a compensation for the loss of her husband, the Princess was allowed to go to Egypt, and whilst there, she slipped away, unobserved, to Paris, where she met, and married, Prince Ouroussoff—a name well known in Russian and Diplomatic circles.

M. Jacquet has painted a picture of a Breton beauty, playing an instrument which accompanies all the national dances of that province, and which resembles both a guitar and a hurdy-gurdy.

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

"Mr. George"

Mr. Louis N. Parker makes an ideal collaborator. He can furnish charming comedy relief to stern, rugged drama. Do you want a love scene written so as to affect an audience to the point of emotion, just midway between smiles and tears, then Mr. Parker is the man to write it. Mr. Parker has the perfect touch in his treatment of the tender passion upon the stage. In the new play there is a scene between Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Billie Burke which is among the most daintily written of its *genre*. But when Mr. Parker writes a play by himself, his sentiment runs away with him. There is no scene in *Mr. George* which has even the most remote pretensions to being a strong scene.

All is as idyllic as a pastoral. The loves of the characters in Mr. Parker's play are as the loves of Dresden shepherds for Dresden shepherdesses. This atmosphere of artifice is not to be breathed by real human beings. So we accept without demur a winsome girl as senior partner in a firm of merchant adventurers; and find it in no way surprising that the two partners should indulge in dalliance when a war, which threatens the very existence of their firm, broods over the town of Boston. True, there is an uncouth and overbearing suitor to the hand of the fair "Senior Partner." But he is as unreal, so far as his potentiality for evil-doing lies, as the rest of them. At no time does he threaten to tear the delicate pattern which the playwright has woven. He is never allowed to become a serious factor, capable of affecting the happy destiny wh ch the author has worked out for his leading man and his leading lady. Equally negligible are the two sisters, who would force their brother, the junior partner, into marriage with a lady who fancies him no more than he fancies her. In this charming and agreeable fashion the play progresses, giving but scant opportunities for Miss Billie Burke to be other than charming, and Mr. Hawtrey to be other than agreeable.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

"Mr. and Mrs. Ellen Terry"

Otherwise Mr. and Mrs. James Carew, whose marriage was only made public last week. Mr. Carew (in the centre of the group) has been Miss Terry's "leading man" during her American tour

Mr. O. B. Clarence gives us a finished portrait of a lovable old man; while Messrs. Harben, Troode, and Norrie sketch for us three junior clerks exactly suited to the *personnel* of this most unbusiness-like firm of Merchant Adventurers of Boston and London.

The play is preceded by *Jemmy*, a little piece in which the sentiment of Mr. Parker is not so happily expressed. Curtain-raisers are of little account these days, but the management of the Vaudeville might well have put on a first piece which afforded stronger contrast to the *pièce de resistance* of the evening. There is too much Parker in the bill.

WALDORF THEATRE

"Romeo and Juliet"

It is unpleasant to harp upon a subject, but as the Sothern-Marlowe season progresses, one the more regrets the choice of *The Sunken Bell* for the opening play. Six weeks is so short a period in which to remove an unfavourable impression. However, with each successive production our American visitors seem to make new friends. Their production of *Romeo and Juliet* is one to be grateful for. It was well staged, and admirably played by every member in the cast. It was followed intently—I had almost written breathlessly—by a large audience, which seemed fully to realise the care, thought, and artistic feeling which characterised both mounting and playing.

It may have been the excellence of Miss Marlowe's performance, but never have I been so struck by the superiority of Juliet over Romeo as an acting rôle. This is in no way intended as a disparagement of Mr. Sothern's performance, which was instinct with the primary qualities—picturesqueness and sincerity. In love, a wise Frenchman remarked that one is the lover and the other is the loved. While it cannot be strictly said that Juliet is the lover and Romeo the loved, yet to Juliet the poet gives more striking opportunities (from the point of view of drama) of expressing her love. She wrests the interest from Romeo almost as successfully as the bride from the bridegroom at a modern wedding. In their scenes together Juliet is the dominant personality,

while in their scenes apart Juliet is the more richly gifted. Her scenes with the Nurse and the potion scene far outvalue Romeo's scenes with the friar. Romeo is given one of his finest outbursts of feeling when he learns from the friar of the decree of banishment pronounced against him. Here Mr. Sothern rose to great heights. So, too, Miss Marlowe was most successful in the latter end of the play, where the drama calls for an actress of matured powers and experience. As for the Mercutio of Mr. Lewis, it is not too much to call it, from my point of view, a revelation. Critics, with an experience dating earlier than mine, may have seen as fine a performance. I never have. This new Mercutio is soldier, wit, and scholar. So lovable is his personality, that his death becomes an affecting and moving episode in the play.

Mrs. Brooke made an admirable Nurse, so admirable that I am emboldened to tell this little story of an alteration in the text against her, secure in the knowledge that the laugh will be with her and not against her.

ROMEO: "Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee——"

NURSE: "Good heart! and i'faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman."

The last sentence quite slipped Mrs. Brooke's memory, but she was equal to the occasion, and expressed the sense at least of the text by promptly adding, "*I'm sure she will be delighted!*"

THE MEMORIAL THEATRE

At Stratford-on-Avon, if you ask about the work of Mr. F. R. Benson in fostering the spirit of the Festival, they reply, succinctly, "Mr. Benson *is* the Festival." It is certainly true that, but for Mr. Benson, the Festival would never have attained its present proportions. This year, the energetic actor-manager provided a number of "star" attractions to supplement the good work of his own company. Mr. Bourchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Evelyn Millard, and Mr. Otho Stuart have been among the many celebrities appearing during Festival time at the Memorial Theatre. During a recent visit, I had the pleasure of witnessing the Bensonians in *The Country Girl* and *Twelfth Night*. Garrick's version of Wycherley's play is flat stuff. Consequently, the company worked extra hard to supply some of the fun and spirits of the original. Mrs. Benson, in particular, erred on the side of exuberance. There is a way of suggesting high animal spirits without being boisterous. Mrs. Benson was seen to much better advantage as Viola in *Twelfth Night*; while the Malvolio of Mr. Benson is among the cleverest performances in his very extensive repertory. Of the younger members of the company, Mr. Murray Carrington shows the greatest promise. As natural advantages, he has a fine presence and a pleasing voice, while his training has been turned to excellent account by giving him that precious attribute of an actor—repose. E. C. S.

Woodcutting Wonderful at the Hippodrome

Some extraordinary feats are being accomplished here by Messrs. H. H. Jackson and Peter McLaren, the Champion Axemen and single and double-handed Sawmen of Australia. They chop or saw through huge logs of the blue gum tree wood, measuring 76 inches in circumference, in times varying from 40 to 70 seconds. One hundred tons of this wood have been specially imported from the Australian bush. One log, 63 inches round, was sawn in half in 25 seconds. The remainder of the programme is particularly strong at present. Speedy, said to be the greatest high diver in the world, is proving an enormous attraction. His performance is truly sensational. De Gracia's elephants form an amusing turn, while other items include Payen, the Martinecks, Li and Lon, midget vocalists, Alfred Agoust, and the Comical Stein Erreto Family. That gorgeous spectacle "The Typhoon" is still in the bill. R. M

Photo *White*

A Scene from the new American play, "Strongheart," at the Aldwych Theatre

In this play, a new American "star," Mr. Robert Edeson, was introduced last week to London. In the scene above, which illustrates the wonders of American football "kit," the hero is charged with treachery

STRATFORD-ON-AVON IN FESTIVAL TIME

Photo Illustrations Bureau *Merry-makers in the High Street*

To Stratford-on-Avon in a speedy, smooth-running Great Central train—to Stratford-on-Avon in the throes of a Festival—I travelled, braced to undergo all manner of "turns" in a most comprehensive programme. At the little railway station I learned that I had arrived precisely at the wrong time. It was most unfortunate, but Stratford was enjoying a breathing-space. The theatre people, of course, were hard at it, and I might stumble upon a stray concert; but the floral processions, Morris dances, hockey matches, races—really, my arrival during the interval was most unfortunate. I concealed my joy. Impressions of the joys of set "functions" are better obtained second-hand. The town was in gala dress, its flags, festoons of flowers, banners, shields, and streamers making up a "scheme" of decoration which came very freshly and tastefully to one accustomed to London efforts in this direction. And so to "The Falcon"—the name commemorating a drinking bout which had fatal results for a certain celebrity. The hostess is Miss Anne Page, and when she appears, the cry of the love-lorn Slender rises to the mind: "Sweet Anne Page!"

The Tapestry Studio

Strolling abroad, I happened upon a sign-post to Shottery. The temporary cessation of festivities pleased me. How I succeeded in not visiting Anne Hathaway's cottage will long remain a delightful memory. The path to Shottery takes one by market gardens and meadows. Within a stone's-throw of the dwelling where Shakespeare's wife, it is more than whispered, did not dwell, I passed a row of cottages, timbered, gabled, and thatched—a common sight in Stratford and the neighbourhood. But at the open door of one of the cottages sat a pinafored maiden, spinning. Pausing to take in this delightful picture, I involuntarily exclaimed aloud, "Why, she's blind!" A gentle voice from behind the sweet-briar hedge replied, "Yes, she's blind; would you like to come in and see some of her work?" I had happened upon the Tapestry Studio, and was soon listening to curious lore about an almost forgotten art, which fell from the lips of Miss Clive Bayley, who told me of strange adventures in India, Finland, and Lapland. The little blind girl looked up from her spinning-wheel and smiled as I went out by the cottage gate. And I was thinking of that smile as I passed Anne Hathaway's cottage.

Photo *Tyler*

Shakespeare's House: View from the back

Shakespeare's house is more often photographed from the street side, but this view shows the trim and prim English garden, which, planted with old-fashioned flowers, is the delight of visitors, and especially Americans

A Record Festival

This is the greatest Festival that has ever been in Stratford. You have only to be in the town five minutes to learn this fact. If effects are not sufficient, and you hanker after causes, every different man you meet will plunge your head beneath the sea of speculation. One will tell you that the names of Arthur Bourchier, Violet Vanbrugh, Lewis Waller, Evelyn Millard, Otho Stuart, upon the announcement sheets of the Memorial Theatre, have drawn these record crowds and audiences. Another will point to the elaborate programme of functions, and ask how intending holiday-makers could resist them; while a wise old citizen whose acquaintance I made, asserted that the Festival is

Photo] **Miss Marie Corelli's House at Stratford** *[Tyler*

'Mason Croft" is a square-built Tudor house (of which the gables were cut away from the front in Queen Anne's time) giving on the High Street. It is overgrown with creepers. The severity of the front is further relieved by carved oak, porch and window-boxes—the latter at this season a blaze of daffodils

growing in dimensions every year by reason of that best of all forms of advertisement—the hearty recommendations of Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their family, dropped in the wide circle of their acquaintances. "The Festival of 1907 is a bigger affair than the Festival, 1906," he declared, "because it occurs just a year later."

Miss Corelli and Restoration

And Miss Marie Corelli? No article on Stratford-on-Avon would be complete without reference to such a figure in the world, and, by consequence, in Stratford. Miss Corelli may be said to be possessed of a burning zeal for reverent restoration. Whenever Time writes too plainly upon the Tudor cottages dotted about Stratford, Miss Corelli is at hand to efface the handiwork of the Destroyer. Without stirring the ashes of recent controversy, I may say that misunderstandings about restoration have been at the seat of the trouble. So much rubbish has been written upon the matter that a few facts should be welcomed.

In the first place, at a cost of £200, Miss Corelli restored a beautiful Tudor house at the corner of the street opposite the Town Hall. This house does not belong to her, and she has no interest in it whatsoever, beyond the artistic interest of one who is anxious that the townspeople should benefit by its beauty as a distinct ornament to their principal street.

Secondly, Miss Corelli paid up the old standing debt of £300 upon Trinity Church, where Shakespeare is buried.

Thirdly, Miss Corelli has superintended the restoration of the famous "Harvard House," the maternal home of John Harvard, founder of the American College. Moreover, but for Miss Corelli's exertions, Harvard House would never have been acquired for America. Her intervention in the matter was instigated by fear lest Harvard House should be numbered among the many quaint Stratford houses (in Henley Street for example) which have been maltreated, instead of "restored" by additions of light modern oak.

Lastly, Miss Corelli spent a thousand pounds in attempting to secure, for the purpose of proper restoration, the two delightful old cottages in Henley Street where tickets are purchased for Shakespeare's birthplace. In this purpose, for reasons of a controversial nature which need not be touched upon, she has not been successful, but Harvard House stands as a monument to her care and zeal in the matter of reverent restoration. To conclude this topic I will tell a charming story, never before printed, which shows up in the proper light Miss Corelli's attitude upon the subject of restorations. Tapestry Studio, already referred to, was in a terrible state of dilapidation when Miss Clive Bayley took it over for her school. Miss Bayley frankly confesses that to restore it with old brickwork was beyond her means. Miss Corelli, always interested in restorations, pays a visit to Tapestry Studio.

"I am afraid you will scold me," says Miss Bayley, upon the appearance of her visitor, "but I wanted to do it up properly, ever so much." Miss Corelli's face lit up with smiles.

"That's quite enough for me," she said, "if you *wanted* to, you are forgiven!"

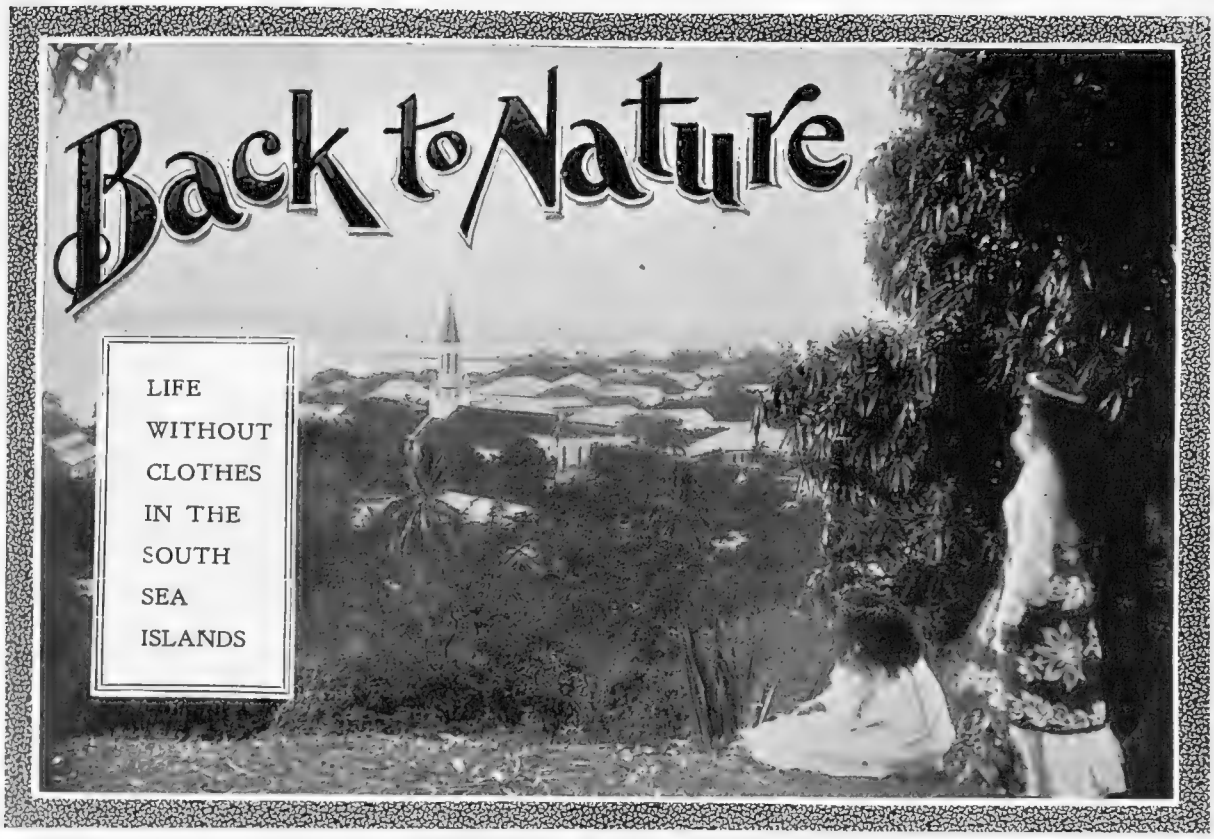
(*Notes on the performances at the Memorial Theatre will be found in "The Playhouses."*) E. C. S.

The Tapestry Studio at Shottery

Where Miss Clive Bayley conducts a school—numbering several blind scholars—in the arts of spinning and weaving

Back to Nature

LIFE WITHOUT CLOTHES IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS



Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, the chief of the Society Isles. (Typical native girls on the right)

Photos

Mr. Darling, in walking costume, proceeding on a visit to the town to sell some of his garden produce

Underwood

Mr. Darling, in lounge attire, at home, reading "The Bystander"

MR. DARLING, THE "NATURE MAN," AT HOME IN TAHITI

Robert Louis Stevenson is not the only man to have found, in the South Seas, an ideal haven of rest. Tahiti, the beautiful island which is the chief among the Society Islands (itself the scene of a Stevensonian visit), is the home of Mr. Darling, the "Nature Man." Mr. Darling has for years believed in the sartorial methods of primeval man. An American, he tried first to put his ideas into practice in San Francisco. Disappointed, however, he took passage to Tahiti, where he found sympathy from the natives for his ideas—they themselves being clad but little more heavily than himself. Lands were granted him by the French Governor, and Mr. Darling soon built a cabin, and laid out a plantation with cocoanut and banana trees near the town of Papeete, 1,200 feet above sea level. There he lived, adopting as his costume that of the early Eden period (before the Fall of Man), thus saving tailors' bills, enjoying simple food, freedom from laws, etc., and generally leading a life of stuff such as dreams are made of. Mr. Darling is only thirty-two, and has, therefore, plenty of time to put his theories into practice, and test their efficacy as a solution of the problem of the ideal life

In the Garden of the Pacific

Amusements in Tahiti: A Upaupa, or native dance

The natives of Tahiti are a handsome Polynesian race, very light-hearted and graceful, but entirely free from morals and trustworthiness

Photos *Underwood*

In a Tahitian Jungle

Tahiti, the scene of the above photograph, is 455 square miles in area, and is the principal among the Society Islands. It is somewhat hot, but healthy, beautifully wooded in the interior, and coral-reefed round the coast. It is a French possession, and has enjoyed some notoriety as one of the places visited by R. L. Stevenson in his search in the South Seas for an Eldorado

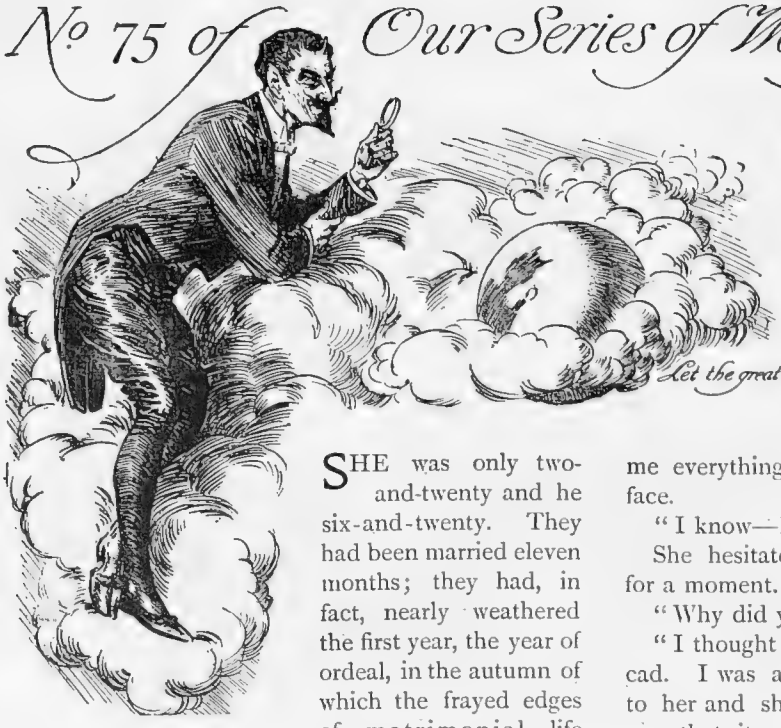
The Eve of a South Sea Eden

Photo *Underwood*

A Typical Tahitian Native Girl

The difficulties of Mr. Darling (the Nature Man of our previous photographs) in finding a wife in his Tahitian home resemble, in their interminable perplexity, those of Vanderdecken—fidelity not being so strong a point with the little ladies of the Society Isles as is beauty

No. 75 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Ibsen Intervening

By

F. E. GREEN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

SHE was only two-and-twenty and he six-and-twenty. They had been married eleven months; they had, in fact, nearly weathered the first year, the year of ordeal, in the autumn of which the frayed edges of matrimonial life appear and are perceived by most young couples. It was in the eleventh month, it must be remembered, that the incident occurred. They were young and very "modern." They read Ibsen with great earnestness; they attended the plays at the Court Theatre with all the regularity of good Shavians, and they went to meetings where "advanced" subjects were fully discussed.

The walls of their Hampstead flat, which were, of course, distempered olive green, were hung with reproductions of Burne-Jones and Watts, of Millet and Clausen and Whistler. "The Man with the Hoe" was there, too, possibly to remind Robert Raymond that he, as an architect, might claim some kind of kinship with those who worked with their hands.

Bob had been away two days on business. It was the first time he and his wife had been parted since their marriage. During his absence, a letter arrived for Robert addressed in a feminine handwriting. Clarice, who had been told by him to open all letters whilst he was away, opened and read it. The colour left her face as she did so, and, bursting into tears, she sobbed, with her aching head resting on the table. Alone, that fearful night, she thought it all out. She must leave Robert; of that she had made up her mind.

When Bob came rushing up the stairs to their flat next day, and burst into the dining-room, bag in hand, he was confronted by a beautiful but pale and red-eyed wife.

"Why, what's the matter, darling?" he exclaimed, as he rushed to embrace her.

"Don't touch me!" she said, quietly, retreating behind the table. "Read that," and she handed him the letter.

His face fell as he caught sight of the handwriting. He read the letter, all the light of a strong young life leaving his face as he did so. He looked up at his wife with a sad pair of eyes.

"You said before we married that you had told me everything," she said, looking him boldly in the face.

"I know—I lied! I did not tell you of this one!"

She hesitated. His virile masculinity baffled her for a moment.

"Why did you not?"

"I thought this was all over. I felt I had been a cad. I was afraid of losing you. I had made love to her and she to me, but I told her when I met you that it was all a mistake, and I could not—I could not go on with it. I have heard nothing of her since until this letter arrived."

"Why did you not tell her you were married?"

"I did not think it necessary. I supposed she would hear of it."

"I must leave you, Robert," she said, quietly, but with much dignity. How he hated to hear her give him his Christian name in full.

"Oh! I say, Clarice," he exclaimed, "you are taking it too seriously. I am no whit different from what I have been since we married, unless it is that I am a better man. I've committed no crime."

"It is not I; it is my sex you have wronged!"

He looked at her woefully. "I have never thought of it from that point of view," he said.

"I must leave you, Robert. Now, at once. You must write to this girl and tell her all that has happened. It is possible you may find that you still love her," she said, slowly, with a tremor in her voice.

"What rot, Clarice," began Bob. Clarice rebuked him with a proud frown as she moved towards the door.

"Good-bye, Robert," she said, without looking round.

"Look here, Clarice!" exclaimed Bob, with a ray of intellectual hope in his face. "Supposing I had married this girl and then met you. Wouldn't you say I ought to leave her as I love you so much more? Now here am I, absolutely married to you, whom I adore, after I had told her I could not possibly live with her. Why, Clarice, she would bore my head off."

"There speaks the egoist! Bore you! What about *her* feelings in the matter? What about having lied to me? What about my loyalty to my sex?"

"I wish I hadn't said that about being bored," said Bob, sinking into a chair, despondently. "I thought I had out-Ibsened you when I was fool enough to give you a chance to out-Meredith me. Look here, Clarice, this is all very silly. Yours are literary objections, not human ones."

(Continued on page 350)

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A Newcomer at the Gaiety

Photo] [*Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Gladys Cooper

A charming young actress who is now playing the part of Eva in *The Girls of Gottenberg*, which was produced at the Gaiety last week. Miss Cooper is a keen golfer, and is, generally, a lover of outdoor life

(*Continued from page 348*)

He had made her angry now. "You charge me with insincerity, with affecting a pose! I think that the sooner we part the better. Good-bye!"

She walked out of the room, shutting the door after her.

. . . . . .

Such commonplace inanities as food and shelter are very often obstacles beside the question of children to young married women bent on separating and living their "own" life. However, Clarice Raymond had £80 a year of her own, and was childless. She felt that she must get away from her present atmosphere. Now, a curious coincidence happened. She and Robert, one evening shortly before their rupture, had dwelt lovingly over their honeymoon, which had been spent in Switzerland, and both of them had said how pleasant it would be to spend the winter in the little Alpine village of Adel-Boden, where good skating was to be had. To get away from London and all the places where she was likely to meet her husband, she decided to go immediately to Adel-Boden.

She wanted to live somewhere where Nature in her grandest manifestations should make her feel the littleness of her own sorrows. It never occurred to her that Bob might go there too. He had also been ruminating over their affectionate talk of their honeymoon, and as business was slack, and he wanted to escape for a time from answering all questions about his wife, he decided that a fortnight's skating at Adel-Boden would help him to recover his wonted equilibrium after the shock he had sustained from his wife leaving him.

The beautiful young "widow," Mrs. Raymond, had been installed at Adel-Boden nearly a week before the arrival of Bob. The hotel was full, and she had to sleep at the Châlet higher up on the hill, though she took her meals at the hotel. Clarice, on her arrival, was dressed in black, and someone had whispered that she was a widow. She had never either denied or affirmed this statement, and so she, with her dark, long lashes over her sad eyes, with her finely marked eyebrows, and her beautiful tresses of dark brown hair, with her ivory skin, and her red lips of an exquisitely shaped mouth, was spoken of as the beautiful young widow.

A healthy young American, reputed to be very rich, who was travelling with his sister, was reported to be dancing attendance on Clarice, as were also an English traveller and a German officer.

Wintering in an Alpine village, where communication with the nearest railway station, such as Frutigen, was by a slow-going diligence, visitors are apt to live in closer communion than in their own native village or town.

When Raymond arrived, he found that the hotel could not provide him with a bedroom, so that he had to sleep at the Châlet.

He found that there was also a lady sleeping there besides "Fraulein," who was in charge. "Rather a nuisance," he muttered to himself. "Have to be her escort, I suppose, to and fro—some fat German *frau*, no doubt!"

Raymond did not skate that afternoon, but spent the time in exploring the immediate neighbourhood and watching the skaters. The young American, who had been whirling round with a lady dressed in black, whose form seemed somewhat familiar to Raymond, came up and spoke to him in a friendly way. The lady in black was now at the other end of the long stretch of ice, skating with a very tall man. Robert went for a long walk along the beaten foot-tract, sighing mightily as he glanced in the direction of the lady in black.

He returned to the Châlet in time to dress for dinner. As he was coming out of his own room, getting into his great-coat, a figure in furs passed his window. His heart gave a bound. The subtle perfume, the fragrant odour emanating from a person beloved by him, seemed to have passed by his open window!

He walked down to the hotel in a melancholy dream, and was so slow in his movements that, by the time he got to the dining-room, the visitors were all seated at dinner. He walked to the first empty chair, which happened to be next to that of the young American.

He had his hand on the back of his chair, when his eyes lighted on his wife sitting right in front of him. There she sat in all her radiant beauty. Her hair was parted in the middle in the becoming way she usually wore it, and its heavy wavy folds found refuge at last in an irrational knot of heavy coils which hung low at the nape of her neck. Black lace rested upon her exquisite shoulders like caressing leaves.

At the sight of him the colour mounted her cheek, but beyond a flutter of her eyelids there was no recognition of him on her part. Robert picked up the menu. As he pretended to study it, whilst some soup was placed before him, he noticed that the tall Englishman sitting next to Clarice was entertaining her with the evident intention of seizing and holding her attention by stories of Stevenson and John Addington Symonds at Davos. He said he had met them there as a boy. "Stevenson," he was saying, "used to play games with me."

On Robert's left, an English girl of an aggressive, athletic type was murmuring something to him; he apologised for not hearing, and she repeated her remark about having had "a clinking good time."

The American ventured to make a remark across the table to Clarice, when he turned to Robert.

"Our new arrival here is a fellow-countryman of yours, come from your city, or shall I say little world. "Mrs. Raymond," he said, presenting Robert to Clarice, "I have not the honour of knowing your name, sir."

"My name happens to be the same as Mrs. Raymond's."

"Now that is curious—very," remarked the American.

"Have you been here long?" said Clarice, looking down at her plate.

"I came this afternoon," replied Robert curtly.

"I saw Stevenson afterwards at Samoa," continued the tall traveller, trying to re-engage Mrs. Raymond in conversation. She had hitherto shown a keen interest in Robert Louis Stevenson, but her interest now flagged.

"Are you fond of dancing?" asked the athletic young lady on Robert's right.

(*Continued on page 352*)

Can Dogs Read?

A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS AS INCONTESTABLE EVIDENCE

How to Spend a Pleasant Hour

Our canine friend, just as the human reader, finds that a few back numbers of THE BYSTANDER afford an excellent afternoon's entertainment. *Sent by* MISS CONSTANCE FEW, *Denbigh House, Shalford, Guildford*

"That's a Good Joke"

The centre "reader" is evidently highly tickled at one of our jokes, but we have not been informed which it is. This photograph was taken on the roof of a Bombay house and in the distance can be seen the magnificent building of the chief railway station in that city. *Sent by* MR. J. E. ASPINWALL, *Bombay Club, Bombay*

A Disciple of Omar Khayyam

". . . A cup of wine, and thou (THE BYSTANDER)
Beside me in the wilderness. . . ."
Sent by MR. A. E. CASSELTON, *43, Earlham Grove, Forest Gate*

"What's the New Number Like?"

Patrician of aspect, this English setter takes his pleasures seriously, and evidently intends to look through his BYSTANDER in a critical mood. *Sent by* MISS VIOLET H. TEMPLER, *The Hall, Eaglescliffe, Durham*

(*Continued from page 350*)

"No, I hate it," answered Bob sulkily, and the athletic young lady mentally made a note that this young man was an impossible person.

A quiet ripple of a smile hung roguishly in the corners of Clarice's lips, while Bob was looking round for some salt. Clarice knowing his fondness for it, anticipated his desire, and quietly passed it to him. He thanked her. Her intimate knowledge of his likes and prejudices at table established an unspoken *camaraderie*.

"By the way," said the big Englishman, in a low tone, to Clarice, "you have promised me a dance to-night."

The American and Bob both heard his half playful, half-serious appeal.

"And me, too," said the American, laughingly to Clarice.

"I think," said Clarice, looking at the American's sister, who sat next to her brother, "that we had better arrange our dances so that everyone has a partner. We mustn't promise too many, must we?"

The German officer, who was sitting too far off to join in the conversation, now bore a more amiable expression on his countenance.

"Shall we form a committee, and call it 'The Relief Committee for Languishing Wallflowers'?" said the lady American, with much precision. A sally of laughter greeted this gravely expressed suggestion.

Bob did not join in the general merriment. When stewed prunes were given him, Clarice, who had most of the good things assiduously handed to her, passed him the cream in the most matter-of-fact way. She knew his weakness for cream. He took it with a murmured, "Oh, thanks, Cl—er." He pulled himself up.

"I think Mr. Raymond should be induced to dance," said Clarice, with a wicked gleam in her eyes. They all looked at Bob.

"Perhaps, if you were to ask him," said the American, laughingly, "he might consent."

"Please, Mr. Raymond," said Clarice, with an affectionate look into Bob's face, "would you honour me with a dance?"

"Oh, the minx!" muttered a clergyman's elderly sister to herself.

Bob dropped his eyes, turned red, and blurted out, "Very well, I will!"

Loud laughter greeted this grudging consent.

"He wants kicking," muttered the big Englishman to himself.

Bob now was infected with general laughter, and began to laugh uproariously himself. He caught his wife's eyes, and they laughed together with a free comradeship.

"If you only knew, Mrs. Raymond," said Bob, "how I detest dancing, you would pardon me for my boorish reply."

Before they rose from dinner, the American murmured into Bob's ear, "Beautiful, isn't she? Widow, I believe."

"Indeed!" remarked Raymond.

As they rose from dinner Bob took the opportunity of speaking to his wife. He stepped up to her as she was walking along the hall to the drawing-room.

"Clarice," he murmured in her ear, "don't think I followed you here. I hadn't the ghost of an idea you were here."

She looked on the ground. "Thank you, Robert, for not giving me away. It would have looked so foolish."

"Please, Clarice," said Robert, as he left her side, "I know you can't help being pretty, but must you be a widow?"

She looked away. "I don't know who started that report," she answered demurely. "I didn't." She was smiling to herself.

Two hours later the American lady and Raymond were seated by the blazing log-fire in the large hall. They had both an intimate knowledge of German literature and music, and were now discussing with much interest Wagner's operas, when Robert was aware that Clarice was hovering near without seeing her. The American lady looked annoyed.

"Oh! here come some people," she said to Robert, "we shall have to close our discussion, I suppose, and listen to the inanities of the drawing-room."

Clarice noticed the look of annoyance, and overheard some of the words. With heightened colour she moved away.

"Captivating?" remarked the American lady, following Raymond's eyes, and catching sight of her brother.

"I think she is perfectly charming and perfectly good," said Bob, with warmth.

"Dear me!" returned his companion. "The pretty widow has another champion in you, Mr. Raymond."

A few minutes after Bob heard his wife's voice saying: "Yes, I'm tired, I'm going up to the Châlet now."

She was wrapped in her furs, ready to venture out into the cold air.

"Allow me to escort you," said the American.

She looked round at Bob, but he did not move.

"I think," she said, "there is a gentleman staying there, so Fraulein told me."

"I am staying there," said Bob jumping up; "may I escort you?"

"Oh! thank you very much. It will save you coming out into the cold, Mr. Bernicker."

When Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were outside alone in the clustering shadow of the pines, their silence was broken by Clarice saying:

"Bobbie, may I take your arm?"

"Darling, have you come back to me?"

"Please forgive me, Bobbie, I have been so silly. What made you come here?"

"That talk about our honeymoon."

"And that was why I came here," she said, in a low, tender voice.

"We are going home together now, Clarice?"

"Yes. Don't the little red blinds look cosy, too? What about to-morrow, Bob? We can't keep it up."

"We must take flight to-morrow to Frutigen, and send for our luggage; and then let us have a week's skating at Kandersteg. We haven't had a spin together yet, Clarice."

"Oh! yes we have; think of dinner!"

"My naughty, beautiful widow!"

"My handsome boy, who finds the intellectual conversation of American ladies so much more strenuous than my inanities."

"May I talk inanities to-night?"

"As long as you like!"

. . . . .

The next morning, on the steps of the hotel, about ten o'clock, three men (all looking very sulky), and a lady (looking very perplexed), were discussing the beautful widow and the man of the same name who had carried her away that morning before anyone had had breakfast.

"Fraulein said they were married," remarked the Englishman, laughing in spite of himself.

"I thought so," said the American lady, with precision, "by the experienced fashion in which she passed him the cream at dinner."

F. E. Green.

A Horticultural Phenomenon

A beautiful talipot palm in flower, at Georgetown, British Guiana

This is only the second occasion on which this palm has been known to flower in British Guiana, for though there are many specimens growing in the Colony, the talipot is a native of Ceylon and the Malabar Coast. After flowering, which never takes place till after it is thirty years old, the tree has accomplished its life's work, and its magnificent giant leaves, which the Cingalese carry before persons of rank, slowly but surely die, and the proud, upright trunk has nothing more to do but to wither and decay

Games and Pastimes

GARDENING

A Beautiful Climber

Among the many plants which may be propagated by cuttings in Spring is the passion-flower, one of the most beautiful climbers we have. There are over a hundred different varieties, mostly requiring stove or greenhouse treatment; but one, Passiflora cœrulea, if grown on a warm wall, is fairly hardy in the Southern counties, though it is a native of Brazil. Unlike the daffodil though the passion-flower is, it has one feature in common with that plant, for the fringe which adds greatly to the attractiveness of its flowers is really a finely divided corona. The young shoots should be used as cuttings, and if they are taken off with a slight "heel"—that is, with a scrap of the older wood attached to the base—they will root with more certainty. They should be placed in the greenhouse, kept moist, and shaded and covered with a bell-jar. Although the cuttings of some plants do not require to be covered, many do, especially those with hard-wooded stems, the reason being that the admission of fresh air stimulates the leaves to the performance of their ordinary functions, and thus causes evaporation from their surface; and, as there are no roots to keep up the supply of sap, they must eventually collapse.

A Wall Well-draped with Climbers

One of the most beautiful climbers we have is the passion-flower, and though most of its hundred odd varieties require greenhouse treatment, the Passiflora cœrulea may easily be grown on a warm wall in the Southern counties

Some Tasks for Spring

At this season the interest of the garden deepens every day. If some of the early flowering bulbs are over, the tulips and hyacinths are still with us, and multitudes of other plants are either now flowering or else preparing to flower. The scene changes so rapidly, almost every morning presenting some new feature, that if we would remember what needs altering, we must make frequent use of a note-book. From this time onward, for many months, the hoe becomes the most useful tool. It destroys weeds, disturbs insects, aerates the soil, and, by loosening the surface, checks evaporation, and so saves much trouble in watering. The rapidity with which weeds grow, if left undisturbed, is astonishing, and very often disheartening. They leave cultivated plants far behind, the seeds seeming to germinate almost as soon as they reach the ground. It is the rapidity with which they germinate, grow, and seed that gives them their chance—a trait which they have developed as the result of their having been worried with the hoe generation after generation. If they took more time, most of them would long ago have been cleared out of every well-ordered garden. Insects possess one advantage over them in being able to move about. Aphides are already on the young tips of the roses, and unless they are syringed off—with an infusion of quassia chips or tobacco, with a little soft soap added to make it adhere—there will soon be thousands where now there are only two or three. Many of the earliest buds, too, will be found injured by grubs. These should be picked off and burned. Slugs are the most trying creatures in the garden. Though indiscriminate feeders, taking what they can get, they prefer the delicate shoots of such plants as young delphiniums and tender seedlings generally. Soot, if dry, and ashes will keep them away, the former by adhering to their slimy bodies, the latter by its rough surface; but the best way to protect seedlings is to surround them with a narrow strip of perforated zinc, an impassable *chevaux-de-frise* to slugs.

H. C. Davidson.

'White Heather II." doing a trial spin

POLO NOTES.

An Inauspicious Opening

Polo is a pastime which is particularly dependent upon the weather, for when once the grounds get sodden with the rain, they take a considerable time to become fit for play again. A long spell of drought is also bad, particularly in the provinces, but in London this practically never stops play, for artificial watering facilities are available. So far, the continued wet weather has been singularly unfavourable for polo, and one cudgels one's brains in vain to recall a year in which not a ball has been struck during the first ten days of what is already an all too short polo season. Compared with the exceptionally brilliant summer of last year, the outlook is especially annoying for players, and it is sincerely to be hoped that what bids fair in all other respects to be a very good season will not be spoilt by bad weather.

The Inter-Regimental

Major W. A. Tilney, the new honorary secretary of the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament Committee, issues a reminder that entries for that popular competition close on Monday next, May 20. Entries, with a list of ponies, and an entrance fee of £5 per team, should be addressed to Major Tilney, at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W. By the way, Major Tilney's predecessor, Major Stanley Barry, 10th Hussars, who was appointed honorary secretary of the new committee when it was established in 1903, and held office for four years has now retired from the Army. Always an enthusiastic player, he was a few years ago manager of the important Aldershot Polo Club, and in 1904 was in the Aldershot staff team that won the inaugural Aldershot Cup one-day military tournament at Ranelagh.

L. V. L. S.

YACHTING

A Fleet in Being

I am not sure whether three vessels can properly be said to form a fleet, but I am tempted to crib my heading to these notes from Kipling's famous monograph on the British Navy, because of the undoubted fact that the yacht-racing season of 1907 is going to be one of exceptional interest. The new International rating rule will be on its trial, and, in Great Britain at any rate, the requisite material for that trial is forthcoming. I have already indicated in these pages that the object of the rule is to foster a type of boat which is not merely a racing machine, but a sea-going ship, capable of being used as a cruiser—or, in fact, as a yacht in the true sense of the term—and I have told how that *Nyria* was built last year for Mr. Robert Young, in anticipation of the passing of the rule, and raced by him with such eminently satisfactory results that Sir James Pender and Mr. Myles Kennedy were moved to follow his example, and to build a couple of new cutters, in place of *Kariad* and *White Heather*, to race against him.

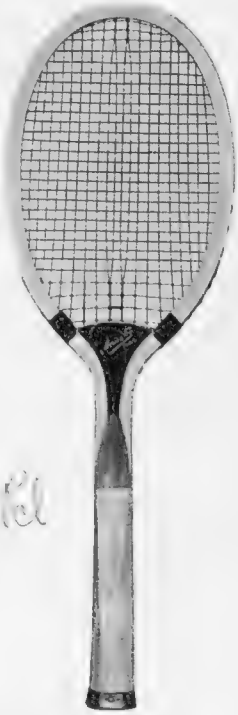
Photos *Kirk*

"Brynhild II." off Cowes

These two boats—*White Heather II.*, built by Fife on the Clyde for Mr. Kennedy, and *Brynhild II.*, built by Nicholson at Gosport for Sir James Pender—are now actually in commission; and they, with *Nyria*, form the fleet in being of which so much is expected, for they will carry on board the hopes and aspirations, not only of their owners, but of all true yachtsmen, that, whichever of them may prove to be the best, they will collectively herald the dawn of a new era in the history of yacht-racing—an era which, unless I am much mistaken, will prove that a basis of common sense and reality is essential to the success of yachting, if not of every kind of sport.

Racer and Cruiser Combined

The new boats' construction and cabin accommodation are as near perfection as can be, and, with their moderate draught, ample beam, and high freeboard, they will make excellent cruisers. On the other hand, there is nothing cruiser-like in their appearance. They carry tall masts of solid Oregon pine, hollow spars, and an immense spread of canvas. *Brynhild* has very low bulwarks, and *White Heather* practically no bulwarks at all, and they have that unmistakable look which is possessed by all vessels built for speed. In other words, as they stand at present they are racers first and cruisers afterwards, but capable of being converted into out-and-out cruisers by a couple of alterations—the reduction of the sail plan (which would also enable a reduction to be made in the number of hands), and the addition of a raised bulwark, if the owner preferred it, though there are many that aver that even on a cruiser the old high bulwarks which used to be considered so safe are something of a snare and a delusion, and that for real seaworthiness a foot of freeboard is worth a yard of bulwark.



"The Bystander" Umpiring Prize

The "Mass" racket which this paper is again presenting at lawn-tennis tournaments as a prize for that usually thankless task of umpiring

Lawn Tennis: "Peter" Prevails

In view of the victory gained by Peter Latham, at Brighton last week, over C. ("Punch") Fairs, by which he recovered the Tennis Championship, from which Fairs ousted him in 1905, it may be interesting to recapitulate in brief the history of Latham's doings therein. In 1890 the American, Pettitt, beat the then holder, the late Charles Saunders, at Lord Iveagh's court in Dublin, but subsequently resigned the Championship, which was promptly reassumed by Saunders. Latham, not long after, challenged Saunders, and by beating him, at Brighton, gained the title for the first time. He next stalled off a determined effort by Pettitt to regain the title, mainly by means of the overhand railroad service, to the development of which he had given unremitting attention. For some time after, "Peter" was left in undisputed possession of his laurels, but in 1904 "Punch" Fairs came forward with a challenge, and the match proved a very tough affair. "Peter" was the winner, but only after "Punch" had been within a stroke of six sets all. Next year "Punch" challenged again; the match, half of which was played at Queen's and half at Prince's, had to be postponed once owing to Latham's being ill, and when it finally came off he was very far from fit. Fairs beat him, and then, a little more than a year ago, he beat Ferdinand Garcia, the French champion, by seven sets to four. Last week, at Brighton, however, "Peter" was himself again.

COLONIAL PUZZLE PICTURE

The prize of One Guinea, offered in our last issue, has been awarded to Mr. P. Lindsay, Newlands, Canterbury, whose post-card contained the first correct answer to be received by the Editor on Saturday morning last. The solution is "Chrisfchurch, New Zealand"; the band playing is the Besses o' the Barn. Consolation Prizes of Half a Guinea each have been sent to Mr. F. A. A. Hudson, Railway Bookstall, Huddersfield, and to Mr. R. Niel Guthrie, M.B., Glasgow Royal Infirmary, whose correct post-cards were the next in order to be read.

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

Pedestrianism Extraordinary

Last Thursday, at Stamford Bridge, F. B. Thompson, the seven-mile walking champion (leading in centre), accomplished the novel feat of walking seven miles and running ten miles within two hours. He did the seven-mile walk in 56 min. 26 sec., and the ten-mile run in 1 hr. 0 min. 36 sec.; total time, 1 hr. 57 min. 2 sec., so that he had 2 min. 58 sec. to spare

RACING NOTIONS

HOW POLAR STAR WON. By "CARBINE."

The Jubilee at Kempton

Ever since Bendigo gave the race a magnificent send-off twenty years ago, Kempton Park has witnessed some stirring scenes on the occasion of its Jubilee Handicap. It is easily one of the best and most popular races of the year, the class of the competitors generally being much superior to that seen in the average handicap. What is more, the sterling performances of Bendigo, Minting, Orvieto, Victor Wild, and Ypsilanti have done much to add to the fame of the race. The public has come to look every year for something big, something out of the common, in connection with the Jubilee, and who can say that they were disappointed on Saturday? The presence of Velocity and Polar Star was alone sufficient to lift the race out of the ruck. Would the horse who simply pulverised his field in the City and Suburban prove equal to carrying his enormous weight to victory? Would the unbeaten Polar Star maintain his stainless record? Or would he show that we had sadly over-rated him? Would the "dangerous" Mr. Farquharson do the trick with Dalkeith or Scarpia? And what of Gingal and the Villikins colt, both well fancied by their stables and backed for win and place? Those were some of the questions which agitated the crowd at Kempton.

The Winner of the Jubilee

Colonel Hall Walker's Polar Star (as prophesied by "Carbine" last week), which won the Jubilee at Kempton on Saturday, the Lady Villikins colt being second

Polar Star's Great Triumph

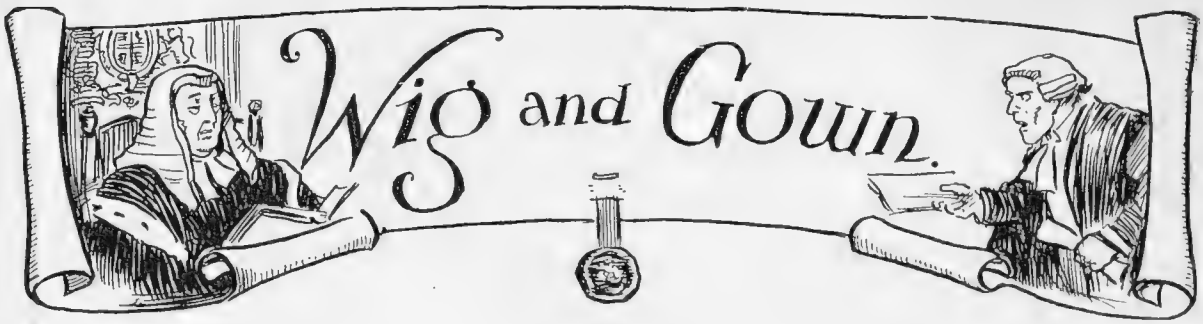
Right to the end Polar Star was a hot favourite, and Velocity the only other one backed with real confidence. There was no delay at the start, which from the stands did not look a particularly good one. The crowd was hushed in tense excitement as the horses galloped down the long stretch to the turn. The favourite was observed to be in a good place; Velocity was likewise "there." At the bend Polar Star was actually in front, and looked like coming right through. Could he keep it up? Apparently not, for half-way down the straight Higgs was flourishing his whip, and the colt swerved a bit. The issue hung in the balance, and nobody could tell what might happen. Velocity, Dalkeith, and the Lady Villikins colt were all going great guns, and their names were shouted in turn. But Polar Star wasn't done with. With superb gameness he fought on. There is nothing wrong with his heart. He gallantly resisted the Lady Villikins colt's challenge, and won by half a length. I thought Velocity was going to be third, but presumably the weight told at the end, and he was just kept out of a place by Dalkeith. There cannot now be the slightest question about Polar Star's extraordinary merit. A thousand pities he is not in the Derby.

Should We Bar French Horses?

Querido's Chester Cup success is still being talked about. He is a much better horse than the handicapper imagined him to be; but if Turbine had been able to run, or had Bridge of Canny been free of his heavy penalty, would the Frenchman have won so easily? I think not. Anyhow, I do not agree with the whining complaints which have been sent up because the French have recently won a few good races in this country. True, there are not many French races open to English horses, but we don't often compete in them when we have the chance. In England we pride ourselves upon being the premier racing country. We throw our races open to the wide world. We like to get the foreign entries, for they add to the prestige of our Turf. Why grumble, then, when the foreigners have a turn? It is bad taste, and to talk of "barring" French horses from our handicaps is rank poor sportsmanship.

Newmarket and Gatwick

At headquarters the chief event this week is the Newmarket Stakes, which sometimes throws a new light upon the Derby, but will not do so this year. The best of those entered are probably Olympian, Acclaim, and **Linacre**, and my selection is the last-named. The Abingdon Plate on Thursday should be won by **Rocketter**, or in his absence by Bon Marché. Polar Star would, of course, take the Payne Stakes if sent, but that seems unlikely after his Jubilee exertions, and **St. Petersburg** may score. For Gatwick my selections are the **Lady Villikins** colt in the Alexandra Handicap, and **The Page** in the Prince's Handicap.



Criminal Appeals

The Criminal Appeal Bill does great credit to its designer, whoever he may be. Every convicted person is to have an absolute right of appeal on questions of law, and may also appeal on questions of fact, or against an excessive sentence, if he can satisfy the Court that there is a *primâ facie* case for inquiry. The danger of frivolous and technical appeals is avoided by two admirable provisions—first, that if it appears that the prisoner ought not to have been convicted of the offence charged against him, but is clearly guilty of some other offence, he can be sentenced for his real crime without a fresh trial; and, secondly, that the Court may, under certain circumstances, increase the sentence. But there will be nothing in the nature of a new trial. All the evidence will be in writing; and if any fresh witnesses are called, their testimony will be given before an examiner, and the deposition read to the Court.

Photo *Thomson*

Sir John Lawson Walton, K.C., M.P.

Who, as Attorney-General and senior law officer of the Crown, has charge of the Criminal Appeal Bill

Official Shorthand Writers

Another excellent reform introduced by the Bill is that, in future, an official shorthand note will be taken of the proceedings at all criminal trials at Assizes and Quarter Sessions, a practice which has been universal in America for many years past. At present, the judge has to write all the evidence down in longhand, which not only imposes a great deal of unnecessary manual labour upon him, and often prevents him from giving the best of his mind to the case, but also wastes time. Most judges, as the result of long practice, are quick writers, but some of the best, like Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce, are very slow. The new system will also be a great help to counsel.

More Judges Wanted

When the Bill passes, the necessity for additional judges will be more urgent than ever. Even if the number of appeals turns out to be not much greater than it is at present, it must not be forgotten that the Home Secretary is to have the right to refer every petition for reprieve or remission of sentence to the Court; and there can be no doubt that he will avail himself freely of this privilege. No one outside the Home Office knows how many petitions are received every year, but there is certainly one in almost every conviction for murder, and in a great many other cases as well.

Amateur Judges

When we get some new judges, as I suppose we shall some day, I hope the Lord Chancellor will see fit to appoint some member of the Old Bailey Bar, for, of the present Bench, only one, the Lord Chief Justice, had any extensive experience of criminal work at the Bar—and he only officially, as Attorney-General. Such men as Mr. Gill and Sir Charles Mathews would be invaluable in the Court of Criminal Appeal. It is a curious feature of our present judicial system that cases where only the defendant's pocket is in jeopardy are adjudicated upon by a professional, while, if his life or liberty is at stake, he is tried before an amateur.

Juries and Motor 'Buses

The proprietors of motor omnibuses, in lamenting their inability to earn dividends, have assigned as reasons the arbitrary action of the police and the competition of rate-aided trams; but I am rather surprised that none of them seem to have mentioned the enormous damages which juries often award against them. It is not easy to see why such large sums should be given, because if a man is hurt or killed by a motor omnibus, he or his family are no worse off than if the same injuries had been inflicted by a horse-drawn vehicle. The other day, a motor omnibus injured the driver of a horse omnibus so severely that he will not be able to work for at least a year, and possibly may never entirely recover. He claimed £750, deserved £500, and got an award for £1,200. The jury who gave this remarkable verdict have probably done more harm than good to the plaintiff by their misplaced generosity, for his damages are practically certain to be reduced by the Court of Appeal, and he runs a great risk of having to pay a considerable sum out of them in costs.

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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The Metrostyle is not in the least degree arbitrary, but can be called to one's aid in the interpretation of a bar, a passage, or the whole of a composition. The Metrostyle would not have been possible if the great authorities had withheld their co-operation, but, recognising the absolute subjection of the Pianola to personal feeling, such masters as Grieg, Rosenthal, Paderewski, etc., etc., have indicated their interpretations, and these can at any instant be reproduced or referred to by anyone who owns a Pianola Piano.

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XXVI.: Mr. J. D. Siddeley

An engineer by profession, Mr. Siddeley bought a small car in 1899, and, a year later, joined the Royal Automobile Club, on several of the executive committees of which body he has served since 1903. About that time our subject associated himself with the Wolseley Company—an offshoot of the great firm of Vickers, Son and Maxim—and devoted himself to the study of the internal-combustion engine. As a designer of motor-cars and engines, Mr. Siddeley has to-day few equals, and the fame achieved by the Siddeley-Wolseley cars in open competitions at home and abroad is too well known to demand particular emphasis here. Personally, Mr. Siddeley is one of the most genial of men, and he is a universal favourite among the hundreds of men employed by his firm. Although he has never taken an active part in International Competitions, Mr. Siddeley is a familiar figure at most of our home meetings, and his opinions on automobile topics are always welcomed and received with the most respectful attention by his brother motorists.

D. M.

* * *

The 40 h.-p. Siddeley Performance

With Mr. J. D. Siddeley as the subject of this week's Car-icature, an opportune moment has arrived to congratulate the firm on the splendid result of their long-distance run. The car, a 40 h.-p. four-cylinder Siddeley, 1907 model, finished its non-stop run of 10,003 miles last Wednesday. It was under the observation of R.A.C. officials, and had covered 7,089 miles, when there was a roadside stop owing to a hidden flaw in the change-speed lever that no possible test could have discovered. This is a world's record reliability run—7,089 miles—absolute non-stop, mechanical or otherwise, and the 10,000-mile trial was accomplished without the engines being stopped. Reliability runs are apt to bore the public, who fail to see what the advantages are. In this case, the distance covered is equal to two years' normal use of a car, and I, writing just after having examined the engine, can honestly say that everything is in such a perfect state that to-morrow the car could undertake another trial of 10,000 miles without any further preparation. The chassis was taken from stock and the tyres were filled with Elastes. In congratulating Mr. Siddeley on this wonderful achievement, I must not also forget to congratulate him on having received a fresh order from Her Majesty the Queen for a six-cylinder Siddeley landaulette. The Royal family knows a good deal about cars, so the compliment to the Siddeley Company is a real one. By-the-by, everyone interested in motors should make a point of visiting the Siddeley garage at Niagara—the most beautifully fitted-up garage in London—where, on mentioning the name of THE BYSTANDER to my friend, Mr. Charles Fernandez, the garage manager, a warm welcome will await any visitor. Half an hour spent in that busy hive of industry will prove instructive and interesting.

Car-icature—No. XXVI.: Mr. J. D. Siddeley
An engineer by profession, Mr. Siddeley associated himself with the Wolseley Company about six years ago, and the fame of the Siddeley-Wolseley car is now universal. A familiar figure at most home meetings, his opinion is always welcomed by his brother motorists
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

Heavy Motor Traffic in Kensington

Legal proceedings have been initiated by the Kensington Borough Council which may lead to the most important litigation that has taken place since the Motor Car Acts came into force. The Borough Council have obtained the fiat of the Attorney-General to apply for an injunction to restrain the owners of certain motor vehicles from using, on any high way in the borough, any locomotive engine or other vehicle "of such construction, or in such manner as, by noise or vibration, to cause a public nuisance." If the firm in question do not defend this case, and the injunction is given against them in default, it will constitute a very serious precedent, and from inquiries that have been made it is evidently the intention to proceed in turn against all users of motor vehicles in order that borough authorities may obtain the power to prevent any class of commercial motor using their streets.

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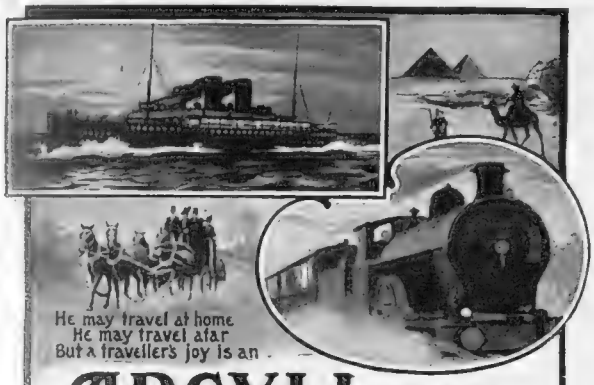

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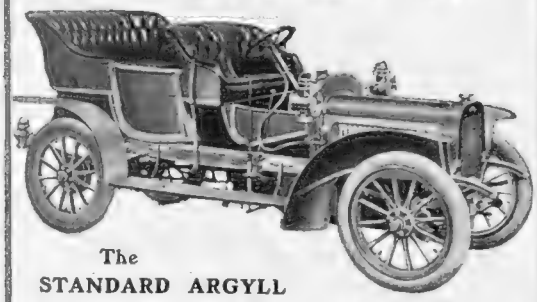

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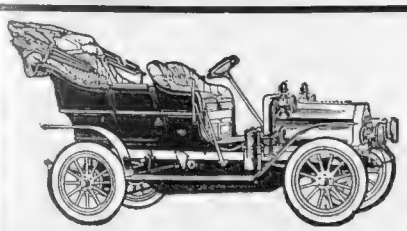

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Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Phyllis Dare in her Six-cylinder Minerva Car

Lorries in Residential Districts

The heavy commercial vehicles, such as locomotive engines and lorries, that make our streets a very pandemonium, are undoubtedly a nuisance to the remainder of the community. Kensington is essentially a high-class residential neighbourhood, and my sympathies are decidedly on the side of the inhabitants who are annoyed at the noise which the average lorry makes. Unless manufacturers can turn out lorries that are comparatively noiseless, people have a right to object. Property in all the leading residential quarters of London is inclined to deteriorate, and the commercial vehicle, in the shape of a lorry, is largely responsible for it. People who own horses also have a grievance, for many a well-trained horse cannot be expected to face the noisy, lumbering vehicles that grate and jar at every part of their mechanism as they wend their weary way along the roads which were not intended for them. As one of the many whose nerves are constantly being strained by the excruciating noise of the commercial lorry, I hope the Kensington Borough Council may be successful.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

It is evident that Prince Fushimi is not visiting this country only as the bearer of a Royal message to our King, but is also seeking information and enlightenment in our great industrial centres. At the end of this week Prince Fushimi and his entire suite are visiting the great shipbuilding yards on the Clyde. During his stay in the North he and his suite will be the guests of the Marquis of Montrose at Buchanan Castle. We have just learnt that our guests from the Far East are also much interested in the motor industry, and have expressed a special desire to visit the great motor works of the "Argyll" Company, at Alexandria, by Glasgow, and the Prince will do so on the 20th inst. No better selection could possibly have been made, as these works are complete with every modern improvement and mechanical device. It is a great compliment to the "Argyll" car that its fame has reached to the Royal Houses of the Far East.

* * *

LONDON TO MONTE CARLO RECORD BEATEN AGAIN.—A 45 h.-p. four-cylinder Mercédès Standard Touring Car, driven by Mr. A. G. Brown, accompanied by Messrs. Bell, Wilson, and Roland Browne, has just beaten the London to Monte Carlo record by 4¼ hours. The total time was 29 hours 20 minutes. The car was timed by Mr. Stenson Cooke, on its departure from the Motor Club, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, at 8.25 a.m., on Wednesday morning last. Messrs. Ducros Mercédès have just received a wire from Mr. Roland Browne, the Press representative, stating that the car, which was fitted with Dunlop tyres, arrived at Monte Carlo at 1.45 p.m. next day, Thursday.

* * *

English automobilists who intend to travel in France this season will be interested to learn that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., have installed in their new building, which has recently been opened in Paris, Avenue Malakoff 146, a touring office. This new department is well equipped, and every motorist calling there can obtain from experienced officials all reliable information on any question with regard to motoring, roads, hotels, garages, etc. The Continental Tyre and Rubber Company invites any English motorist to call at this bureau, where they will be pleased to give any information or make any useful suggestions.

* * *

The Patent "Helicoid" Lock-Nut

We give an illustration of the patent "Helicoid" Lock-nut manufactured by Messrs. Bayliss, Jones and Bayliss, of the Victoria Works, Wolverhampton. Most motorists at one time or another experience difficulties through ill-fitting lock-nuts, and the virtues of the "Helicoid" are that the nut is not only of immense power, but owing to the design (made by coiling on a mandril) the nut is impossible to force. Owners would do well to make their chauffeurs try these nuts.

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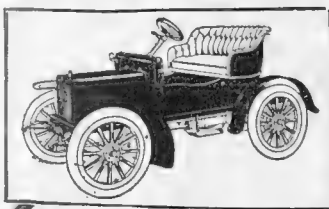

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Golf Notes and Notions

"My Golfing Reminiscences." By Harold H. Hilton
(*Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street*)

I have just read with much interest an unpretentious little volume, which contains more sound and practical maxims for the golfer than many a larger and more imposing-looking book. Mr. Hilton is known the wide world over for his many and varied feats at his favourite game. The winner of countless medals and cups, Mr. Hilton has been, throughout his career, one of the great glories of the Royal Liverpool Club, and shares with that other great son of Hoylake, Mr. John Ball, jun., the pride of place among amateurs by virtue of the record performance for an amateur of having won both Championships.

An Interesting Record

It shows how fast, in these modern times, we are making golfing history, that a player still on the sunny side of forty should be writing his reminiscences. But time goes quickly, even for the great among golfers; and it comes with something of a shock when one realises that Mr. Hilton won the Open Championship for the first time so long ago as fifteen years. Much water has flowed under the bridges since then, and the game, to some extent, has been revolutionised by the invention of the rubber-cored ball. Mr. Hilton's best days were towards the end of the gutta *régime*, the zenith of his career being reached in 1901, when he won his second Amateur Championship at St. Andrews. But it is early days to talk of his career as though it were finished, and it is to be hoped that he may once more recover that brilliant form which placed and kept him in the front rank so long. Still, it is a curious fact that his temporary falling off has coincided with the advent of the livelier ball, and, possibly, some may see in this fact some support for the theory of great golfers like Harry Vardon, that the new ball has discounted scientific golf, for if ever there was a master of the science of golf in all its aspects and intricacies, it was Mr. Hilton in his palmy days. All golfers will read his book with keen interest, for, as I have already said, Mr. Hilton's pages are full of valuable information, and provide much food for serious reflection on the part of match and score players.

Pleasing Candour

Mr. Hilton writes of himself with delightful candour, praising where he thinks himself deserving, and unsparingly holding himself up to execration when he considers that his bad play merits condemnation. This is a rare characteristic among Anglo-Saxons, and when it is exercised in Mr. Hilton's manner, the reader is bound to get such a sight of the inner *ego* of a writer as can rarely be possible. As a general rule, it is very difficult to get a great player to descant upon his brilliant feats. He will, probably, be eloquent on the subject of his faults and mistakes, but exasperatingly silent about his virtues. Mr. Hilton has, happily, steered clear of this danger, and we have, therefore, in his pages, a faithful record of the inner workings of the mind of a great player during some of his most arduous matches and performances. Here is, in my eyes, the great value of the book for the young player, who, by a perusal of its pages, will imbibe much sound and wise advice on what to do and what to avoid in playing in important tournaments. For instance, Mr. Hilton begins his thirteenth chapter with the golden words, "Never stop trying," and clinches their lesson with some moving experiences of his own, while he backs up this maxim with another, no less valuable, inculcating the supreme virtue of controlling the temper.

Mr. Harold H. Hilton
The Amateur Champion in 1900, and Open Champion in 1892, 1897, and 1901. He has just published an interesting volume of reminiscences

The Championships

Besides useful hints such as these, which are scattered throughout the book, the reader will get most interesting accounts of most of the great Championships of the last twenty years. An index would increase the value of the book, while great help would be given to the reader in following the order of events if the date of the year were placed at the head of the pages. A slight mistake occurs on page 16. The first tournament for the Amateur Championship at Hoylake in 1885 was won by Mr. A. F. Macfie, and not by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, as stated by Mr. Hilton. This tournament, too, does not rank as an official Championship, which dates only from 1886.

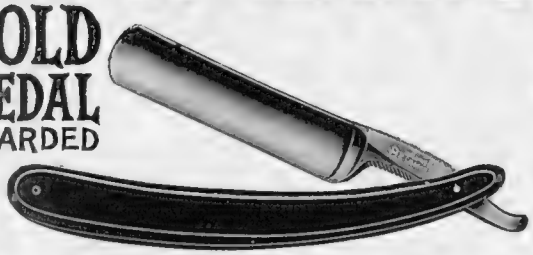
"Lessons on Golf." By W. H. Webb

I can cordially recommend this little shilling primer of golf, published by the *World of Golf* management, and written by Webb, the Frinton-on-Sea professional. It is clearly and concisely written, and contains nothing but sound advice, put in such a manner as to be easily understood by the beginner.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

WILKINSON
SWORD STEEL
RAZORS

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED



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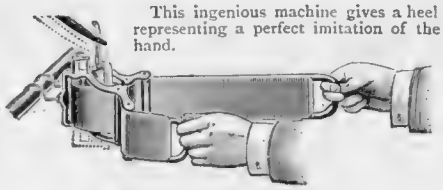

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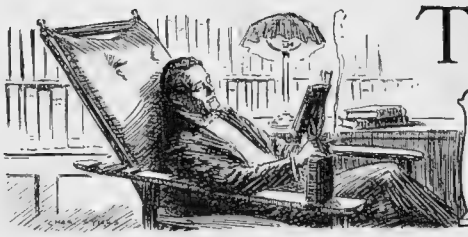

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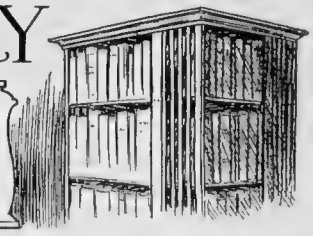

Books to Order This Week
"London Lovers." By Mrs. Baillie-Saunders. (T. Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Glen o' Weeping." By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"Secrets of the Vatican." By Douglas Sladen. (Hurst and Blackett: 21s.)

Help for Opera-Goers

The Wagner season in London being now in full flight, Mr. Filson Young has the merit of being timely and topical with *The Wagner Stories* (E. Grant Richards: 5s.). Many people, under no possible circumstances frequenters of the Wagner opera, are, nevertheless, anxious to know, for conversational purposes, the drift of the much-discussed tetralogy—whose *Ring* it was, and how come by; also the actual facts about what happened to Tannhäuser, and why Lohengrin left home. Such will find Mr. Young's paraphrasing of the Wagnerian legends useful and attractive. The author confesses that the book has been "written chiefly to please himself; in publishing it, I offer it merely as a humble opera companion that has, at least, two merits—it will not talk through the acts, and it will get its place for nothing." As to the first of these explanations, I doubt not that Mr. Young has found his task as pleasurable as it must have been easy, seeing how very accessible is the necessary data; as to the latter, speaking from personal taste, I dislike literature of any kind at operatic performances, and dislike those that like it. For one thing, not being of the feline tribe, I cannot see in the dark; for another, if I could not gather from the music, the scenery, and the acting what was the drift of an opera, I would rather a thousand times remain in ignorance, than carry a book about a place where I have gone to be entertained. If, however, it is the literary student who is being catered for, I imagine he could find in the *Nibelungenlied* and the *Morte Darthur* pretty well what he wanted to know as to the legends treated—even as the immortal Richard found from such sources what *he* wanted to know about them.

Mrs. Baillie-Saunders
The brilliant novelist, who makes a notable success with her second novel, "London Lovers" (Unwin; 6s.). Mrs. Saunders is the wife of the vicar of Marylebone, and made her *début* as a novelist in 1905 with "Saints in Society," Mr. Fisher Unwin's prize novel

Mr. Crosland on Teetotalism

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland is not so very amusing in *The Beautiful Teetotaler* (Century Press), because of the distressing soundness of his hypothesis. One agrees far too violently with all the abusive things he says about the sour-faced temperance monomaniacs who are, at present, threatening a thirsty world with licensing legislation, to be moved to mirth by them. The very foundation of Mr. Crosland's success is a bed-rock of absurdity; blast it, and there is no real Crosland left. There is no absurdity whatever in what he says on the subject of drink, save the glimmer of one which I faintly detect in the chapter entitled "The National Liberal Club." Here, Mr. Crosland trots out the obvious argument against the Nonconformist propagandists of thirstiness by citing the enormity of the drink-bill of their high temple in London. He shows us that the Club's takings, from Liberal consumption—very liberal—in 1905, amounted to £33,183, and gave a clear profit to the Club of £390. On the strength of this, he demands to know on what ground the Liberal Party dare to interfere with the drink temples of the poorer classes.

Æsthetes and the Public-House

Of course, there is a great difference between club and public-house tippling, which I wonder has escaped the astute mind of Mr. Crosland. The objection of the intelligent man to the public-house is an æsthetic one. It is not the amount of liquor that is drunk there that is repulsive, but the manner in which it is drunk. The public-house makes drinking dreary. It secretes the drinker, shuts him out from the air and the sunshine and the sight of man. Its decorations, its odour, its language, its company, its entire absence of ease and elegance, pervert drinking—one of the oldest, most poetic, and most dignified of human activities—into a habit almost puritanical in its drabness and dreariness. There is nothing more smug, more self-satisfied, in the Puritan world than the smack of the lips with which your "drop o' Scotch cold" man indulges himself in the public-house. Club drinking is open and unabashed; it is taken amid graceful surroundings, and accompanied by conversation, and the person who takes too much is a nuisance, not to the community, but only to his fellow-clubmen, who can retaliate.

The New Jew in Fiction

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Nurse: "OF COURSE NOT, MA'AM."

mere money-grubbing. In his "Israel Rank," the author, Mr. Horniman, gave us a Jew with a delicate criminal instinct, who killed people for motives of the higher snobbishness. In *London Lovers* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*) the second and very brilliant novel of Mrs. Baillie-Saunders, we are presented an even finer type, a Jew redeemed, converted by love into, first, a philanthropist, later into an actual Christian. A Jew in love is not necessarily a novelty: the race has mating instincts as strongly as any other, as a rule, perhaps far more happily consummated than are those of the Gentiles. A Jew in such a love as is Lucason, Mrs. Saunders's hero, is, however, a new psychological type. Lucason sees at the opera a face—that of the pretty daughter of a poor peerage, Winnie Waring. Convincing himself that so Shakespearean a type must be "kind as she is fair," he grafts on to Winnie virtues which, alas! are far from her real characteristics — Winnie being a worldling among worldlings, a flirt of the flirts, a gambler, and a cynic. Visiting Winnie's ancestral halls, the owner of which is a delicate, ethereal high-Churchman, Lucason is, one day, induced by his divinity to attend service. Believing absurdly that the only barrier, to her mind, between him and her is his religion, he secretly enters the Church, and later, when proposing to her, confesses his conversion. Then, down with his hopes! Why did Winnie take him to church? To convert him? Saints forefend, no! Because she had a bet that she would take him—a Jew—there, with the man to whom she was, at the time, secretly engaged and compromised! Despite this hideous disillusionment, Lucason's love continues, only Winnie, the ex-divinity, becomes Winnie, the weak, the wicked, the worldly.

Photo *Foulsnam and Banfield*

The Late "Ian Maclaren" in his Study

The Rev. John Watson, the popular novelist, whose death has caused general regret. He was fifty-six years of age

Some New Characters

There are many delightful side-issues; in fact, there is rather a surfeit of them. Entertaining the book is, however, to the last point, and we are introduced to some delightful characters. For instance, Lady Sarah, Winnie's mother, a lady who "always saw life in cartoons. Everything of her imagination assumed at least the proportions of Linley Sambourne on the fate of Europe." How well we know this person—and it is not always a woman. Lucason's vulgar sister, Lillah, who, that she may be thought smart, cultivates a perpetual sneer; Paget Cheyne, the little grey gossiping man, who sets about town selected scandals about Winnie. But, perhaps, the strongest character of all is Constance, the reigning Lady Hardwinter, who, to her relations, was "as an incarnated spring cleaning"; "large and red and noisy, and had the appearance of snorting, whether she strictly did so or not"; "tacitly understood to be a beauty"; "who lived in tweeds"; "bound to take her vast snorting place in the world just as a great red motor pushes aside all lesser and more graceful traffic." Constance is immense. She is the most terrific person of recent fiction, and I am inclined to suggest that *London Lovers* is the strongest and smartest Society novel that has been given to us for a long time.

"Secrets of the Vatican"

Those who might expect the sensational from Mr. Douglas Sladen's book, *The Secrets of the Vatican* (Hurst and Blackett: 21*s.*), will, perhaps, be disappointed to find only the valuable. Mr. Sladen is informative, he is exhaustive. In this finely produced volume he gives us a magnificent glance behind the mystic walls of the Vatican, lets us know the realities about its countless treasures, and also the facts as to the life of its lonely inmate. Though not himself a Catholic, I believe members of that fraternity concede that Mr. Sladen's work is not only accurate in all its details—save for an occasional slip here and there—but also that it treats of the great subject in a spirit of rare insight and sympathy. The volume is certainly one to be possessed by all students of religious lore. Its illustrations alone are a delight.

Two New Novels

No reasonable man would expect that Miss Marjorie Bowen would follow up "The Viper of Milan" with a second book equally striking. Were she to duplicate that notable success, I should sigh, and fear that the future of such a phenomenon must have something awesome in store. I am relieved, really, to be able to state that *The Glen o' Weeping* (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*) is by no means comparable to "The Viper of Milan." It is, however, a readable, exciting, and brightly told romance, taking as its centre situation the massacre of Glencoe. Miss Bowen writes with a preconceived theory of the famous tragedy—a "military execution" performed on rebels outside the law—believing that Lord Stair, on whom history places the infamy of the massacre, was the victim of a plot. *Her Honour* is the title of a clever and interesting novel by Mr. Robert Machray. A motor accident brings to his deathbed a millionaire cement manufacturer. In his dying delirium he confesses to have obtained the secret on which he made his fortune by the murder of his partner. The effect on his heirs of this terrible disclosure is the theme of the story, which has as its heroine, a pretty and attractive trained nurse, and as its villain, the mercenary son of the deceased man.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

There was never a moment in the annals of dress when the apparently possible was more difficult of attainment. And, perhaps, no one more thoroughly expounds this conclusion than Miss Marie Tempest in *The Truth*. Her assumption of the kimono in all its native simplicity of form is clever in the extreme; but, then, of course, not every woman has Miss Tempest's marvellous carriage. That erect little figure could almost impart smartness to a nun's loose robe. But these particular dresses verily epitomise the kimono craze, and the emphasis on *crêpe-de-chine* is also unmistakable.

Design: Ney Sœurs *Photo: Manuel*

A Graceful Visiting Toilette

Silk, Linen, and Piqué

For the first, the French appellation, *toile*, perchance, conveys a more correct idea of the improved quality of this fabric than our own familiar linen. Silk *toile* is almost worthy to be ranked with far more aspiring stuff, and, as a matter of fact, it is treated as though it were quite valuable, quantities of fine braiding being lavished on it in decorative relief. We shall certainly see numbers of these elaborately treated linens at race meetings, fêtes, etc., and they bid fair to rank on a level with the most exalted companions. One, in an old-world buff shade, was arranged with a high-waisted skirt, braided almost to the depth of the knee, with the narrowest width in a close, square, conventional design, and was completed by a buff chiffon slip; while, for the street, there was donned a very correct kimono sacque, the square cape sleeves massed with the braiding embroidery. The hat, too, was so good: a *cloche* of black chip, carrying an amazing mount of soft *coqs* feathers dyed to the buff tone, over all of which was flung an umbrella veil of buff net, merely bound round the edge with a narrow hem of silk.

The *ombrelle* veil, by the way, is not a square, but an oblong, and is worn, according to a great authority, with the lower edge of the front caught beneath the chin, and pinned at the back. It is almost beyond hope that these veils can last for long, and they are genuinely elegant, since anyone with a scintillation of resource can acquire a width of net, and finish the edge with a narrow hem of silk. Of course, there is a question of wearing the affair with just the right amount of confidence, and it is, if I may so say, this lack of confidence that will prove the one saving grace of the adjunct.

With regard to *piqués*, only the very finest French qualities are accepted, and these are mostly carried into the realms of the exclusive by touches of black. Shallow-pleated skirts have gained the preference, and in one instance I remarked the accompaniment of a bolero opening on long cravat ends of almond-green silk. And there is, moreover, a feeling in favour of zephyr, or cotton of that ilk, which are being fashioned into the prettiest little folded pinafore models, and exact the necessary completion of a lingerie underslip. The promise bulks large that the so-called simple washing-frock is assured of its moment this season.

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Events are moving here with their customary rapidity, a special promise being made to meet the exclusive needs of the Courts. The firm, too, have captured a novel fancy in respect of *foulards*, which

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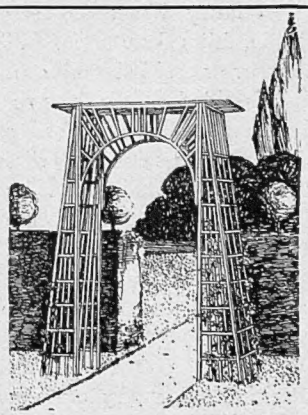

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are printed or woven to represent Paisley and Cashmere shawl patterns. Built under the auspices of Paquin, these create gowns of clever, distinctive appearance. Stripes are still in favour here, and the embroideries are more extravagant and beautiful than ever. On evening confections, embroideries, indeed, prove the chief *pièce de resistance*, some of the most striking effects being wrought through the medium of gold and silver; whereas on coats and wraps silk stitcheries are preferred, reproducing Oriental designs in delicate parti-colourings.

And, under the existing *régime* of things, a Paquin gown practically exacts a Paquin *chapeau*. In millinery, as elsewhere, the house is a law unto itself, so instead of the one monotonous *cloche* style, there are innumerable other fancies of refreshingly varying character. Flowers of perfect realism share equal favour with feathers, as do small hats with large, for if there is one thing more than another abhorred of the great Paquin, it is monotony. A further insistence of theirs, and one most justified, is as to corsets, the cut being entirely governed by the styles inaugurated under the Paquin rule. But, under all circumstances, it is a good corset of figure-giving qualities, and fully upholds the reputation of this great *couturière*.

Mode: Marescot Sœurs *Photo: Manuel*

An Attractive Model, worn at the Approved Millinery Angle

Taffeta Tailor-Mades

Everyone who comes from Paris has the same story to tell of promenade toilettes. These are all tailor-made, with skirt sufficiently short to show "the little feet steal in and out." And with these are worn chip hats, the severity of the drooping brim modified by a certain slight angle, their sole decoration being great flying loops of black taffeta ribbon. A deep biscuit and black, even width, stripe cloth, that has just arrived from the French capital, is arranged with quite an appreciable basque, one covering the hip-line, the waist defined well above the recognised limit, with a fancy black *soutache motif*. The fronts, semi-fitting, fall a little open, and finish at the throat with a narrow applied collar of pale biscuit cloth, very lightly braided in black, turn-back cuffs to the three-quarter length sleeves repeating that touch. As for the skirt, no words can describe the manner in which the stripes are swirled round the figure. The appearance is just as though a wide double width had been dropped on the hips, and allowed to fall in perfectly natural folds, the front seam broken by a narrow dovetailed panel of the cloth.

If ever the *maître tailleur des dames* had his moment, it is now. The Parisian tailor, *bien entendu*, among other materials, has culled taffeta to the cause, the which arranges adorable little suits, frequently accompanied, for the inevitable automobile, by long, loose coat wraps. The inevitableness of the motor-car is largely responsible for much that would be otherwise undeterminable in the modistic world.

An Approved Millinery Angle

With the millinery of the moment, as I am frequently pointing out poise, is everything. Only a few weeks ago mention was made of the uses of the osprey employed in a sweeping position beneath the brim, the model pictured showing a black chip wreathed with tiny shaded roses and bearing mingled black ostrich and osprey plumes. This particular model is a creation of Marescot Sœurs.

A Visiting Toilette

The Ney Sœurs are responsible for the graceful visiting toilette shown, a confection of grey and white *pekiné* marquisette, mounted over cinnamon, and trimmed bands of tiny dovetailed tucks, outlined at either edge by a narrow hem of taffeta. A massed arrangement of tucks again plays an important rôle in the building of the corsage, which opens on *chemisette* and sleeves of tucked spot-net and lace.

Violets

As I write, my room is filled with the delightful fragrance of violets, and yet none of these charming flowers are visible. The perfume is entirely due to the presence of a tiny phial of Courvoisier's "Otto of Violets," which the proprietors have sent me as a sample. All readers who visited last weeks' Chemists' Exhibition must have taken the opportunity of possessing themselves of one of these dainty little bottles of perfume, but those who could not do so can obtain one on application at any good chemist's. "Otto of Violets" has a charm all its own, and, entirely owing to its merits, is rapidly becoming the favourite and fashionable scent.

The New Ballet at the Empire

Charming in every way is the new Empire ballet, *Sir Roger de Coverley*. There is nothing wanting to delight the eye—pretty scenery, beautiful dresses, and superb dancing. The story is easy to follow, and is leavened with just the right amount of comic element. Mlle. Genée is at her very best, and Mr. P. Sundberg comes in for a large share of the applause. Two or three part songs are introduced into the new ballet. They seem somewhat out of keeping, and might very well be dispensed with. Le Pages and The Perizoffs are two exceedingly clever new turns at the Empire.